

Leatherneck

MAY

MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES

25c





MOTHER

When I am lonely and very sad
There's always mother to make me glad.
When I'm overcast with constant woe
She's there to combat that bitter foe.

Thoughts stray to yesteryears of my fate
When I was taught to love and not to hate—
To know happiness, increasing joy,
Now as a man, then as a little boy.

But years between gave me time to cry
In anger 'gainst a rocket-torn sky.
As the spirit of youth filled my breast
Destiny grasped its unquenching quest.

I was chained to greed, I lived and died
When chaos became my promised bride,
Kindness was displaced with growing fear—
All pleas forgotten, no ears to hear.

Lips compressed, untold horror ruled,
Distorted music swayed the fooled,
But when right enveloped wrong I knew
The world was stilled of insane rue.

Alas, I still bled, but you were near,
And from that coral sand, Mother Dear,
You formed the rock upon which I stand;
Together we conquered the foe-held land.

The strength you gave me, My Mother Dear,
So has help dispel those trying years
That now, as time entwines its span,
I am, because of you, the better man.

For those days of courage, faith and love
And those years you played my hovering dove,
This day is dedicated in my soul—
A living symbol beyond all dole.

A. M. Adelman

IN THIS ISSUE

ARTICLES

	PAGE
Task Force 44.7	8
Silent Sackrat	18
China Duty	20
A Man And A Horse	22
MCROA Conference	32
Ski's 8-Ball	42

POSTS OF THE CORPS

Fort Mifflin	26
--------------------	----

SPORTS

Baseball Prospects - '49	13
No. 1 Fan	34

FICTION

Root The Man Home	46
-------------------------	----

DEPARTMENTS

Sound Off	1
Bulletin Board	7
We - The Marines	37
Know Your Leaders	52
Mail Call	58
Books Reviewed	62

THE LEATHERNECK, MAY, 1949

VOLUME XXXII, NUMBER 5

Published monthly and copyright, 1949, by The Leatherneck Association, Inc., Headquarters Marine Corps, P. O. Box 1918, Washington, D. C. All rights reserved. Stories, features, pictures and other material from THE LEATHERNECK may be reproduced if they are not restricted by law or military regulations, provided proper credit is given and specific prior permission has been granted for each item to be reproduced. Entered as second class matter at the post office at Washington, D. C. Additional entry at Silver Spring, Md. Acceptance for mailing at the special rate of postage provided for in section 1130, Act of Oct. 3, 1917, authorized Jan. 27, 1925. Price \$2.50 per year. Advertising rates upon application to national advertising representative: Woolf and Eklson, Inc., 1620 Eye St., NW, Washington, D. C.; 70 East 45th St., New York 17, N. Y. The opinions of authors whose articles appear in THE LEATHERNECK do not necessarily express the attitude of the Navy Department or of Marine Corps Headquarters. Postage must accompany manuscripts, drawings or photographs, if return is desired. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts, drawings or photographs. EDITOR AND PUBLISHER: Major James A. Donovan, Jr.; GENERAL MANAGER: Captain James F. McInteer, Jr.; MANAGING EDITOR: Karl Schuan; PRODUCTION EDITOR: Robert N. Davis; PHOTOGRAPHIC DIRECTOR: Louis Lowery; SPORTS EDITOR: Sgt. Spencer Gartz; ADVERTISING DIRECTOR: Sgt. Nalle T. Roberts; ART DIRECTOR: Sgt. John DeGrasse; ASST. ART DIRECTORS: Sgts. Charles P. Graves and Paul Hartle; BUSINESS MANAGER: Lieutenant William F. Koehnlein; ASSISTANT EDITOR: Sgt. Harry Polete; STAFF WRITERS: Sgts. Lindley Allen, Edward J. Evans, William J. Morris and William Milhon.

SOUND OFF

Edited by

Sgt. Harry Polete

WHAT HONORS?

Sir:

What honors would be accorded to a governor of a state, and/or the Secretary of the Navy on an official visit to any United States man-o-war?

Pfc. James M. Clark

New York City

● The Secretary of Navy: rates full dress uniform, 19-gun salute upon arrival and departure, four ruffles and flourishes, band plays "Admiral's March"; full guard of honor, eight side boys; crew at quarters; national flag to be flown at the Main during his visit. A governor of a state in the United States in an area under his jurisdiction also rates: "full dress uniform; 19-gun salute upon departure; four ruffles and flourishes by band; band also will play "Admiral's March"; full guard of honor, eight side boys; crew at quarters; national flag to be flown at the Fore during the salute. —Ed.

SUGGESTED IMPROVEMENT

Sir:

Here's a suggestion to all Marines who have had trouble with bronze cap and collar ornaments that have had the finish rubbed off them.

Try a little black airplane dope, the kind sold in model airplane shops. By applying this liquid to the emblems with a small brush a good glossy finish can be had and will result in some neat reconditioned emblems.

Edgar G. Willems

Washington, D. C.

TURN PAGE

THIS MONTH'S COVER . . .

CHAN Shan Ching (Spiritual Dwelling on the Hill of Chan) is a short distance from Gate #3 of Marine Compound in Tsingtao. S/Sgt. Kenneth A. Benson is shown inspecting the stone statue while M/Sgt. Paul Banoci and Corp. Benntett F. Brock check the spelling on the inscription at the entrance to the temple. The Kodachrome was taken by T/Sgt. Alvin S. Bender, USMC.

*He's got the right recipe
... he's got*



*means Pipe Appeal
means Prince Albert*

When a man has Pipe Appeal, he has a good recipe for attracting feminine attention ... for there's something about a man with a pipe that women find attractive. Fill that pipe with tasty Prince Albert — and you have the right recipe for smoking joy and comfort!

● No wonder Prince Albert is America's largest-selling smoking tobacco! That choice, crimp cut tobacco is specially treated to insure against tongue bite!

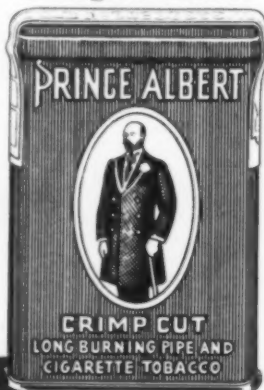
*"P.A. SURE SUITS ME! RICH-
TASTING, AND TONGUE-EASY TOO!"*



R. J. REYNOLDS TOB. CO., WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

The NEW HUMIDOR TOP — locks OUT the
air — locks IN the freshness and flavor.



SOUND OFF (cont.)

APOLOGY . . .

LEATHERNECK apologizes to Miss Lucille M. Glick, PO Box 507, Woodbridge, Calif.

Miss Glick's fine story "The Wailing Wall" appeared on page 18 in the February issue and through an unfortunate error her byline was omitted. We're very sorry, Miss Glick.



SPRINGFIELD A COPY

Sir:

Somewhere I have read that the old Springfield, 30-06, model 1903 was a copy of some German rifle, but can't remember the authority. Since I have made a statement to this effect and have had it doubted, can you furnish me with some authority to back up this statement, or must I admit my error because of no proof?

Ab Abrahams

San Francisco, Calif.

● According to A BASIC MANUAL OF MILITARY SMALL ARMS, printed in 1944, you are correct. The author states: "Our Springfield Rifle was patterned after this weapon (German Mauser, 7.92-mm. 98 Rifle). The Mauser is the most widely used military rifle system in the world. The German Army later began replacing bolt action rifles with semi-automatic rifles, and it was interesting to note that they employed the same gas operating principle as did the U. S. Rifle, Cal 30 M1.—Ed.

MARINES IN WARS

Sir:

I would appreciate it if you would list the major wars of the United States in which the Marines participated, and the number participating, if that is possible. . . .

Frank Hillgrath

San Diego, Calif.

● War of 1812, 1155; Mexican War, 2270; Civil War, 3255 (Union); Spanish-American War, 3321; World War I, 78,827 and World War II, 599,693. There are apparently no records as to the number of Marines who served in the Revolutionary War, and some 1000 Confederate Marines also served in the Civil War, but these are not included in the total of Marines in the Civil War.—Ed.

GABARDINE SLACKS

- Sizes 27 thru 42
- Talon zipper fly
- 13 1/2-oz. Gabardine
- Deep pleats
- Continuous waist band

Made by California's Largest
Manufacturer of Fine Slacks

\$12.95

Post paid anywhere in the world—
for wear anywhere in the world!
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE: If you are
not completely satisfied, return before
wearing and your money will be refunded.

- Due to postal regulations, money order
must be sent with all orders outside the
continental limits of the U.S.A.
- Amt. of check _____ or M. O. _____ C.O.D. _____
- Drk. Gray ☐ Dark Brn. ☐ Med. Blue ☐
- Light Grey ☐ Lt. Green ☐ Teal Blue ☐
- Med. Brn. ☐ Drk. Green ☐ Tan ☐
- Size of waist _____ Length _____
- PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY
- NAME _____
- ADDRESS _____
- CITY _____
- ZONE _____ STATE _____

Broadway clothiers

SECOND AVENUE AT BROADWAY
SAN DIEGO 12, CALIFORNIA



Get a ZIPPO Insignia Lighter

Own a Zippo—the lighter that
always works come wind or rain.
It's guaranteed for life—will never
cost anyone a penny for repair!



Available at Ma-
rine Post Exchanges
with Marine's own
insignia on one side.
Have your name
engraved on the
other at slight ex-
tra cost.

MARINE CORPS LEAGUE

Sir:

I am writing to request any information
you may have as to how a unit of the
Marine Corps League can be started in
this community. There are several persons
here who were Marines (and still are at
heart) and would like to maintain some
sort of contact with the Corps.

While I am writing, I might also say
that I would like very much to hear
from any of my old buddies who were in
VMTB-134, especially those in the radio
section.

Ex-Sgt. Wayne T. Bell

2232 Clay St.,
Murphysboro, Ill.

• For the desired information on re-
quirements and procedures of starting
local units of the Marine Corps League,
write to "National Headquarters, Ma-
rine Corps League; office National
Commandant, Albany Garage Building,
Albany 7, N. Y."



RIFLE SWAP

Sir:

This is no gripe or complaint. I have
a Jap rifle that I would like to trade
with someone for a German rifle. My
rifle is in good shape, but has battle
scars on the stock. My address is Box
1019.

Ex-Cpl. William G. Patrick
Seminole, Tex.

WAR DOGS WANTED

Sir:

In the February *Leatherneck* there is
an article on "War Dogs." I would like to
know very much if I could buy, or other-
wise obtain one of these detrainded Dober-
mans or German Shepherd dogs. Can you
give me any information on the possibility
of getting one.

Edward H. Horney
Wilmington, Dela.

• Sorry, but all Marine War Dogs
have been returned to their original
owners, or otherwise disposed of if
owner did not wish their return.—Ed.

MORE ABOUT WOMEN MARINES

Sir:

I receive *Leatherneck* monthly and en-
joy it, but only once have I seen anything
about the Women Marines. I, and a few
other girls would appreciate it very much
if you would put as much possible infor-
mation as you can about the Women
Marines in the *Leatherneck*.

Shirley Thompson
East St. Louis, Ill.

• *Leatherneck* plans carrying news
stories and articles about the women's
arm of the Corps just as soon as its
members are organized and settled in
their assignments.—Ed.

Gosh, look how I'm beat up. With
all these scuffs and scratches, no
wonder I'm always catching K. P.



Don't be a jerk. Use Dyanshine.
It stains scuffs and faded spots to a
smooth, even tone as it shines.



DYANSHINE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Pick the type you like—Liquid
DYANSHINE or DYANSHINE
Stain Paste Shoe Polish. DYAN-
SHINE Stain Paste now contains
the amazing stain that has made
Liquid DYANSHINE the service
favorite for years. Both types pol-
ish quickly to a hard, long-lasting
shine, and they're mighty easy on
your pocketbook, too.



BARTON
MANUFACTURING
CO.

St. Louis 15, Mo.

TURN PAGE

Marines want! ...this Beer from Maryland!

Frankly Full-Bodied —
this Maryland beer.
Frankly more *satisfying* ...
A beer brewed for
men who want a
great beer — and can
recognize it when
they find it!
No wonder more and
more Marines ask
at their Post
Exchange for "That beer
from Maryland —
National
Premium Beer!"



Brewed and Bottled by The National Brewing Company Baltimore 24, Maryland

SOUND OFF (cont.)

MARINE WAR DOGS NOT K-9S

Sirs:

I am writing in reference to the article "War Dogs," by Fairfax Downey, appearing in the February issue of *Leatherneck*. As a history of the use of dogs in past wars, it is well written. I enjoyed the article very much until the author began talking about dogs in World War II. I had the impression, since this article was appearing in *Leatherneck*, that Mr. Downey would be writing about the Marine War Dogs. He does, but he is also writing about dogs in the Army.

This is all right, except that he confuses the reader by referring to both corps as the K-9 Corps. I think the general public, and certainly all Marines should know that the dogs in the Marine Corps were called the "Marine War Dogs," and not "K-9s." The Army dogs were designated as K-9s.

I am not trying to raise the issue of the differences between the services, but there was such a distinct difference between the Army K-9 Corps and the Marine War Dogs that the distinction should be maintained. Our T.O., our mission, and even the training differed considerably. The Marines had a very definite idea of what they were going to do with their dogs.

Dogs had to be useful to assault troops, otherwise, the Marines would have had no use for them. The Marine Corps put the first platoon in combat as quickly after adoption of dogs as was humanly possible. This was for the purpose of determining whether dogs could be useful in combat conditions. If combat experience showed that they were not useful, then the dog detachments would have been discontinued, and personnel involved would have been released to other duties.

The pictures used in the article were Marine pictures, to be sure, but of all the pictures selected, there are two which have very little point. The one showing Private Boccardo dressed in an attack suit was one. Before the first Marine War Dog platoon was organized, the padded attack suit was used. After that, its use was discontinued.

Attack training, despite views to the contrary, was given only as a means to an end, and not an end in itself. Since attack training was given, it was felt that it should be done in a manner which would be most useful to a Marine in combat, in the event that he found it necessary to have his dog attack in close combat. Dogs were taught to attack the weapon's arm only, because if a dog is going to attack he might just as well give the maximum amount of protection. By attacking the gun arm, a dog will disarm an enemy at the same time he is taking him out of commission. If a dog attacked some other part of the body, the enemy could still shoot the handler before he was put out of commission.

Another picture is one showing the rehabilitation processing of dogs. That is another fallacy which should be corrected. Normal dogs needed little more rehabilitation than human beings. All they required was sensible care after they

returned home. Dogs taught how to attack knew how to attack, and if the situation for attack were created, they would do it again. But, any owner receiving his dog back who didn't have sense enough to know this, didn't deserve to have such a fine dog. There are very few, if any, authentic accounts of attacks by Marine War Dogs returning to civilian life. I have had occasion to check on a few in this area, and in no cases were the dogs formerly in the Marine Corps. I suppose it is just as possible for a Marine War Dog to show an occasional anti-social tendency as it would be for a former Marine to show such a tendency in civilian life. But certainly, the incidence of anti-social conduct is no greater in dogs than in ex-Marines.

Having been so closely associated with war dog practice, I am proud of its achievements, proud of being identified with the dogs in the Marine Corps, and jealous of the reputation they established. That is the only reason for this letter—to correct a very faulty impression that could be obtained from Mr. Downey's article.

I feel qualified to write as I have. I was given the job of training and taking into combat the 1st Marine War Dog Platoon. I was told it was up to the 1st MWD Platoon to determine for the Marine Corps whether dogs could be useful to the Corps or not. Thus, Bougainville was the proving ground. After the Bougainville operation I was sent back to the War Dog Training School at Camp Lejeune where I was director of training until I was relieved from active duty in September, 1945.

Capt. Clyde A. Henderson, USMCR
Brecksville, Ohio

● Thank you, Sir. Leatherneck appreciates accurate and specific information.—Ed.



NOT A GOOD METHOD

Sir:

As an ex-AAA combat man with several years in 90-mm. batteries in defense battalions, both at home and abroad, I must say that the loading drill the boys are going through (on page 7 of the February *Leatherneck*—Ed.) in this month's magazine looks OK but...

Having served with Easy Battery, Ninth, at Munda—where they broke a world's record on hits and rounds expended—during a raid by enemy aircraft, I still think our system excelled the one used by the men shown in this picture. Especially in the case of the ammo passer who is using the overhead pass. We often fired 80 to 100 rounds in one firing run, per gun, and I want to see the guy who can pass that much ammunition in the manner shown in the picture. It would be rather difficult when you are lobbing 20 rounds a minute into the air for a period of five minutes.

TSgt. V. B. Debnam
Cumberland, Md.

TIP FROM THE "TOP"

GET THAT



LOOKING GLASS

SPIT-SHINE

LANOLIZE*

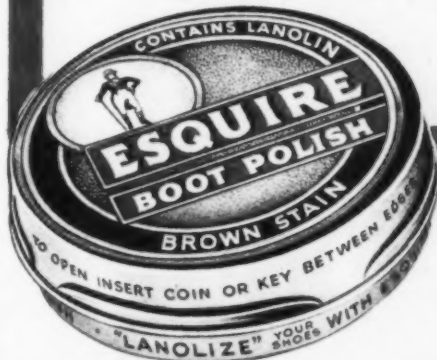
your shoes with

ESQUIRE

BOOT POLISH

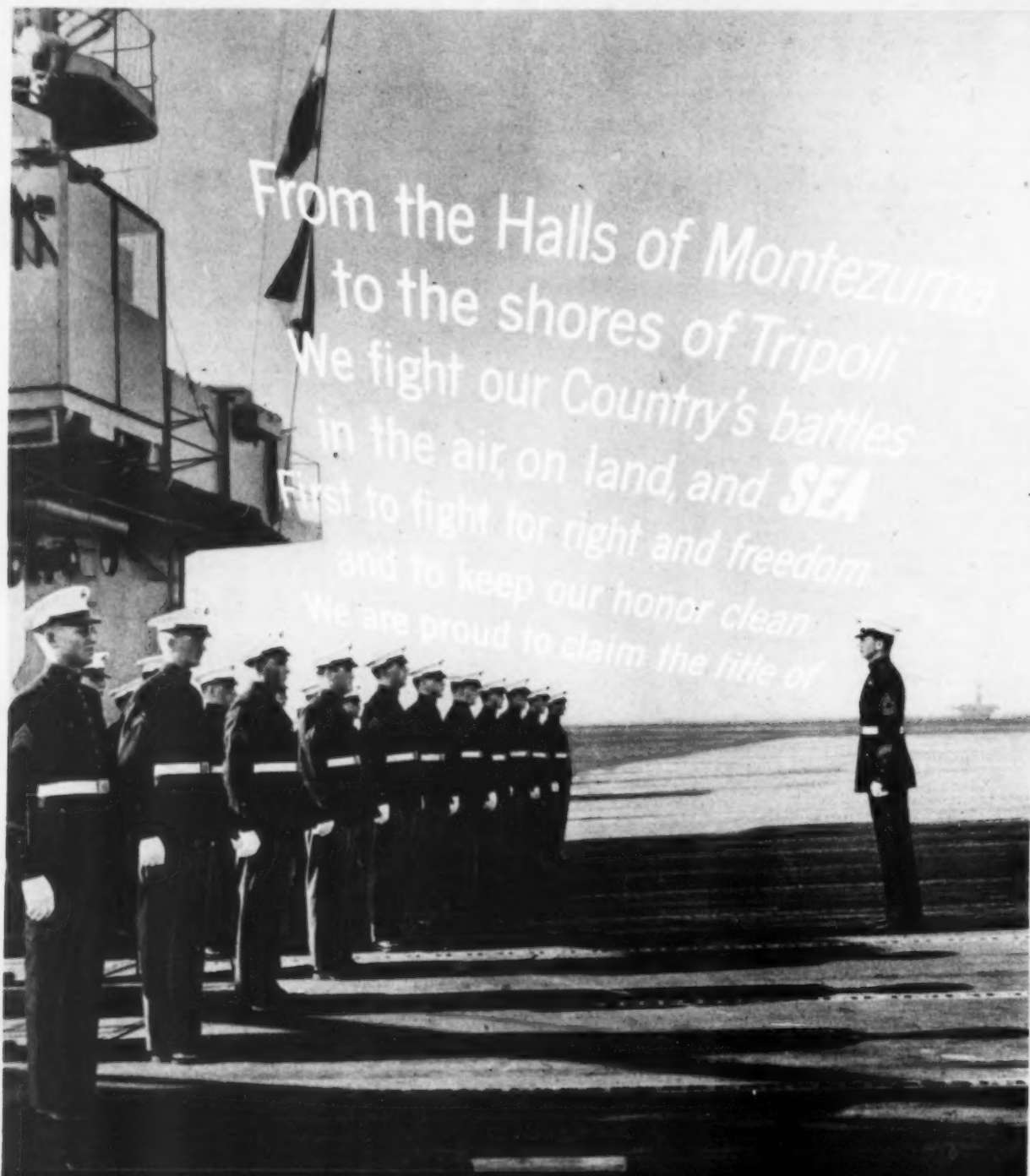
Dress right... from the bottom up with a shine so bright, you can actually see your face in it. There's only one way to get that Looking-Glass SPIT SHINE on your shoes—Lanolize 'em with Esquire Boot Polish. No other polish gets you set so easy, so quick for inspection or for liberty.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Be sure to ask for Esquire Polish at your Marine Post Exchanges.

PRODUCT OF KNOMARK MFG. CO., INC.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.



UNITED STATES MARINES

BULLETIN BOARD

NSLI INSURANCE DIVIDENDS

A SPOKESMAN for the Veterans Administration recently announced that holders of National Service Life Insurance policies may start drawing their dividend bonanzas ranging from a few dollars to several hundred, sometime near the end of the year.

Unofficial estimates indicate 16,000,000 veterans may participate in the \$2,000,000,000 fund set aside for payment of the dividends. Holders of the minimum \$1000 policies, who kept them in force for at least three months will receive small amounts. Men who have held the \$10,000 policies from the beginning of NSLI insurance will receive an eight year accumulation of dividends which may amount to several hundred dollars.

The Veterans Administration has also announced that payments will not begin until sometime in August. Veterans and current policy holders are asked not to write to the Veterans Administration about these dividends. When the time comes for applications to be made, a nation-wide publicity program will go into effect. Through this program all of the necessary information will be given to veterans holding such policies which will pay dividends.

DUTY WITH FMF PAC

ALL married personnel ordered to duty with the Fleet Marine Force, Pacific, were advised by Marine Corps Memorandum 1-49 that transportation of their dependents to the Pacific Ocean Area cannot be effected until the necessary clearance has been obtained from the overseas area commander. Normally this clearance cannot be obtained until the individual being transferred has reached his ultimate duty station.

In view of this fact, dependents should not proceed to San Francisco, Calif., to await overseas transportation—unless they are in possession of sufficient funds to defray living expenses in that city until such transportation is authorized. The Commanding General, Department of the Pacific, will notify such dependents when authorization has been obtained from area commanders, and when transportation will be available.

Personnel are also advised that any delay in obtaining overseas clearance for their dependents is not to be construed as a condition entitling them to transportation to a selected point in the United States, and later when clearance has been received also from selected point to port of embarkation. Transportation to selected points (in the USA) is authorized only in case of personnel on duty in areas where, for military reasons, dependents are restricted by order of the Secretary of Navy.

Fifth Marine Division History

THE History of the Fifth Marine Division is being prepared for distribution. Notification cards have been sent to all members whose addresses are current. If you rate a card and have not received it, write to Captain Joe E. English, Secretary, Fifth MarDiv History Board at 1115 17th Street, NW, Washington, D. C.

All men who served with the division from the time it was activated to the period of inactivation will receive a copy of this book free. Next of kin of men who were killed while serving with the Fifth Division will also be mailed a copy gratis.

TASK GROUP 44.7

This cruiser-destroyer team hit nine ports in
Africa and South America while on a good will tour



by Captain Dean N. McDowell,

USMC

WE pulled in to Port Said, Egypt, with doubled sentry watches and fire hoses at the ready. Maybe this wasn't the best way to start a good will tour, but other ships of the 6th Task Fleet had given us the word before we, the cruiser *Huntington* and the Destroyer USS *Fox*, were released for Operation Good Will. According to reports a fleet of bum boats and dhows was waiting to pounce on any ship entering the harbor. The less scrupulous merchants, peddlers and beggars had boarded ships by every known means from grappling hooks to Gal M Gali.

But whether or not they learned of our preparations, they left Task Group 44.7 strictly alone.

Port Said was the first of our nine scheduled ports of call. Our objectives were: to become better acquainted with peoples and countries and to promote

good will for America. Our cruise was to take us through the Suez Canal, down the East Coast of Africa, around the Cape of Good Hope, over to Argentina, and up the East Coast of South America to arrive in the United States December 8th.

In Port Said the crew was given a few hours liberty to go ashore and look over the colorful town. While they were promoting good will, arrangements were made to have one of the famous Gali Gali men, the Egyptian magicians, come on board and entertain the crew. His act was terrific. The crew, accustomed to the hocus pocus of American magicians, was skeptical at first. But the wily Egyptian working without stage props, while surrounded on all sides by Marines and sailors, baffled and amazed all hands. He left us completely snowed.

We could have used snow the next day. After the transit of the Suez Canal our group went into the blast furnace heat of the Gulf of Aden and the Red Sea. Next stop was Massawa, Eritrea, reportedly the hottest port in the world. This old Italian naval base, used by the United States during War II registers temperatures up to 160° F.

In spite of the heat we held a ship's dance during our two day stay. We cooled off by taking tours up to the highland capital of Asmara, some 60 miles inland, where the elevation is 8000 feet. The local authorities suggested that we take armed guards along as a precaution against the Schfti bands. But the local bandits didn't show up. The Marines of the *Huntington* enjoyed the tortuous scenic rail route to Asmara free of charge.

On September 27th we left the heat of Massawa and headed south toward Mombassa the key port of Kenya Protectorate, British East Africa. Mombassa is the gateway to some of the world's finest big game hunting areas. Both ships were received cordially by the populace. We were the first American warships to visit there since 1924.

An exhibition baseball game was put on for the benefit of the local sport fans and a softball game was played between the *Huntington* team and a local American coached team. The British colony invited the sailors and Marines into their homes, provided for swimming parties with free beer and refreshments, and conducted sight-seeing tours to the colorful Swahili,



The Marine detachment of the USS *Huntington* on parade in Montevideo, Latin capital of Uruguay. But, in all ports of

call, the Marines preferred to promote good will by pitching liberty: hunting souvenirs, liquids, and adventure—as usual



The "floating base," no longer a military secret, was perfected during the war. Replenishing at sea (Sfax Roads, Tunisia) was a sweet job for the 6th Task Fleet

Arab and Hindu markets and the surrounding countryside. In turn, both ships were opened to general visiting the two days we were there. On Saturday, an open air dance was given at the Mombassa sports club. The crew left Mombassa with ivory carvings, native spears, and other curios, not to mention a very warm feeling for the friendly and appreciative East African Colonials.

Durban, the leading port and summer resort of the Union of South Africa, was next on the agenda. Reports had indicated that it would be good liberty, but no one suspected just how good the liberty in South Africa would be.

The rain was coming down in torrents as we pulled into the pier at Durban; yet, Madame Perla Siedle Gibson, South Africa's "Woman in White," who greeted and sent off every allied ship during the war, was there braving the downpour, with her megaphone in hand, to sing us in with "God Bless America." We found an almost continuous schedule of social events, dances, tours, and sports contests drawn up upon our arrival. The South African, British, and Dutch descendants of early settlers are a very sports conscious people and they play a mighty fast game of baseball. As much goodwill was spread through the media of athletic contests as by any other means. For the socialites, Atholone Gardens



Curious citizens swarmed aboard during visiting hours, but the VIPs received special invitations. His excellency Luis

Battle Berres, President of Uruguay, leaves the Huntington after a luncheon date with Rear Admiral James H. Fosskett

and hotel, the Play House, and other night spots offered a good evening's entertainment.

South Africa has two State languages and a person has to be bi-lingual. Signs are written in English and Afrikaner, a Dutch dialect spoken by the descendants of the original Boer settlers, who comprise the greater part of the white population in the Union. The newspapers and magazines usually have their stories written in both languages. Durban also has a good bit of local color in its Indian and African sections and markets. Here one can buy everything from leopard skins, Zulu assegais and shields, to carved ebony elephants and beautiful Indian handicrafts. The husky rickshaw boys, with their high stepping, a'la Red Grange, running style, are something to see! A number of the crew visited Zulu Land and arrangements were made for a crack dance group of the Ngoni Tribe to visit the ship and put on one of their famous dances for the crew of Task Group 44.7. It was a sight that will long be remembered by those who witnessed it!

Upon arrival in Capetown on October 15th, for a week's stay, everyone looked forward to seeing one of South Africa's largest and most modern cities. With picturesque Table Mountain and the heights of Lions Head and Lions Rump towering up behind the city, it presented an impressive sight. Here too, the *Huntington* baseball team had games scheduled practically every day and the friendly populace received the crew with enthusiasm. During visiting hours, the ships were swarming with the curious Capetowners who waited in line to get a look at Uncle Sam's modern warships. Many Marines and sailors took cable car trips up to Table Mountain to view the city and its suburbs which stretch for some 25 miles along the coast and around Table Mountain. The Cape of Good Hope may also be viewed from here.

A few days after our arrival, two British carriers and their escorts arrived in Capetown for a visit. The Capetown paper told its readers not to be alarmed at any friendly fisticuffs between the British and their American cousins as they both fought very well together during the war and still managed to put on a good show. However, no trouble developed and the Marines of both nations were soon seen together on the streets, visiting each others ships, examining each others equipment, or swapping sea stories over a few brews.

When our ships pulled out of Capetown Harbor on October 22nd, the dock area was lined with hand-waving South Africans, the greater majority of them being of the opposite sex.



Pfc Edwin Wright and Sgt. Mahlon Bollman off the carrier *Roosevelt*, Sixth Task Fleet, take the liberty to see The Parthenon at the Acropolis in Athens, Greece

Upon our departure, the American Ambassador told Admiral Foskett, the task group commander, "You have left more than an empty berth behind you." Everyone in the crew realized that in the South Africans, the United States has some of its most enthusiastic admirers and sincere friends, and that if we had to live anywhere else besides the United States, the Union of South Africa would be our first choice.

Everyone then settled down to learn Spanish. We had 11 days of GQs and training exercises, and the South Atlantic ahead of us before we reached Buenos Aires, Argentina. Language classes were held each evening on the fantail and common idioms were carried in the "Plan of the Day." In addition, "Dope Sheets" were put out to educate the crew concerning the customs of the country, the political situation, its history and geography, and what to do and what not to do, to get along.

On October 30th, mud stained waters stretching 100 miles out to sea gave evidence that we were approaching the mouth of the La Plata River and would soon be in Buenos Aires. Early in the morning of November 2nd, we docked and immediately began the honors and ceremonies that would typify our South American visit. Two days after our arrival, the Marine detachment and the ship's band, together with an honor guard of Argentine Marines, officiated at a wreath laying ceremony at the tomb of Admiral Brown, the founder of the Argentine Navy. A few days later, President Peron visited the ship and inspected the Marine Honor Guard and was also conducted about the ship on a tour which included a visit to the Marine compartment.

The Marines accepted numerous invitations to asados or Argentine barbecues, attended the races and visited famous night spots, ranging from the Odeon to the Tabariz. The shops were

TASK GROUP 44.7 (cont.)

well supplied with alligator bags, leather goods, boots and saddles, all reasonably priced. Many of the Marines were surprised to meet Argentines with names like Eduardo O'Connor, Brown, Schwartz, Rossini, and Borokowski. Argentina's early settlers and later immigrants were composed of people from practically every European nation. Upon our departure from this modern, up-to-date city, everyone agreed that their time had been well spent.

Crossing the La Plata, we made our way to Montevideo, some 123 miles away, for a four day stay. This capital of small, progressive Uruguay was a very friendly city and somewhat more typically Latin than Buenos Aires. Here the entire Marine detachment and the flag band paraded through the city, followed by a wreath laying ceremony by high ranking American Navy and military officials at the General Artigos Monument, erected in commemoration of their national hero and leader for independence. The usual fine steaks, alligator and leather goods were plentiful and reasonable here as in Argentina, although the smaller city did not offer as much in the way of night life entertainment.

The last South American stop was at the famous city of Rio de Janeiro in Brazil. Preparations for our arrival had been made well in advance as we soon learned upon our arrival at the Ilhado de Cobras, the Brazilian Navy Yard.

The American Society in Rio presented each crew member with a hand book of the city, complete with maps and Portuguese phrases which helped all hands to get the most out of their visit. From the first day onward the days were packed with tours. The Brazilian Navy conducted daily trips to the famous statue of Christ on the summit of 2300 ft. Corcovado Mountain, overlooking Rio Harbor, while the American Colony arranged swimming parties at swank Copacabana Beach. Several baseball, softball, and basketball games were also scheduled.

To give the men a better view of the Rio area, airplane tours in a United States Mission C-47 were arranged each morning for 20 men from the *Huntington* and the *Fox*. Individually the men enjoyed themselves on their off duty hours practicing the tango, rhumba, or samba at the many local night clubs, in town, or out at Copacabana Beach. To highlight the goodwill visit, a colorful memorial ceremony, with high ranking naval and diplomatic officials of both nations and smart Marine honor guards of both navies, was held at the Admiral Lisboa National Monument. Rio has always been symbolic of ro-



Foreign food problem in Tarranto, Italy. Marines: W. C. Ameel, J. V. Egan, P. Madolna, and G. U. Smith, ribbing their snowed shipmate, L. D. Vanscoy, USN

mance and gayety and the crews of T. G. 44.7 agreed heartily that it had not been overrated as we weighed anchor and got underway for home on November 23rd.

Operation Goodwill had been an unqualified success for all who had participated in it from the Task Group Commander down to the lowest ranking member of the crew. Goodwill and respect for the United States had been spread by the excellent conduct and

appearance of the crew, both on board and while ashore on liberty. Each crew member had taken it upon himself to be an ambassador of goodwill and a representative of his country. Certainly all hands had become better acquainted with the peoples and countries visited and had gained a better understanding of the world of today. To the Marines of the *Huntington* Detachment and Flag Allowance, it was a cruise long to be remembered.

END



In a Zulu hut Eugene Volz, USN, of the USS *Fox* and Pfc Fred H. Furick, USMC off the USS *Huntington*, inspect handicraft and gear made by the Ngona tribe

BASEBALL

PROSPECTS....

'49

Marine ball clubs have one goal for '49—"Beat

Quantico's champs, then take the All-Navy title"



by Sgt. Spencer D. Gartz

Leatherneck Staff Writer

NOW that the Marine Corps' consecutive victory string in All-Navy major sport competition has been snapped at five, the lads will have a chance to start anew with baseball.

The horsehide picture at this early date looks promising, just as rosy as it did last year, at this time. Of course, one must remember that every year, comes May and June, everything looks ding-hao; even the White Sox and Browns feel chipper during the first month of the season.

Baseball got an early start overseas in the Hawaiian and Guam areas and, in some of the California sectors, for that matter, because of the weather. The latter was almost forced to wait for the conventional turn of the seasons, but the snow just wouldn't last.

Large turnouts for the squads in Hawaii and at the 1st Provisional Marine Brigade way-station further out, makes it look like their fortunes will rival those of other years. In addition, most of the clubs have picked up somewhat the same spirit they had in better

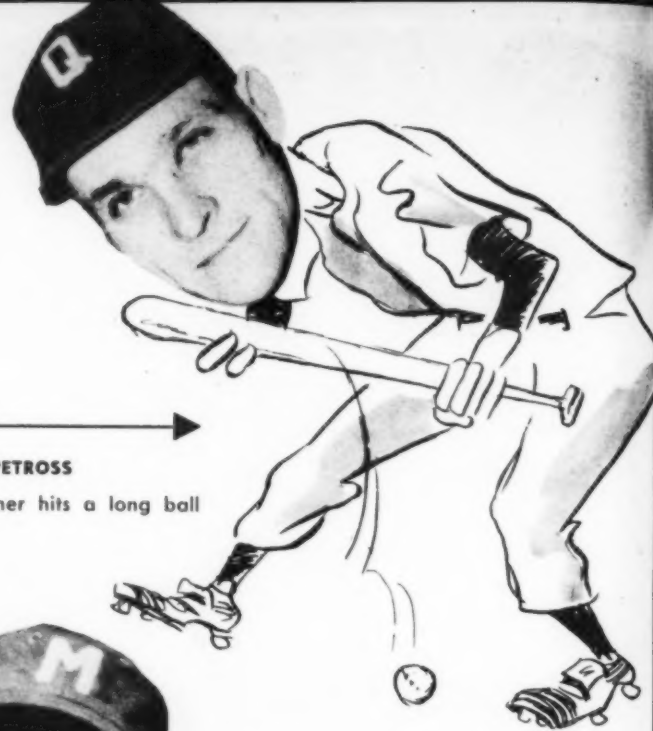
years. Not only are they all interested in battling up the hard, slippery-rung ladder leading to the All-Navy play-offs, but all of them definitely want a whack at, and a chance to knock over, the two-time champ, Quantico. What price fame? You win, and everyone lays for you with a big club. That's part of the old game though, and steps up competition.

The 1st Provisional Marine Brigade team shapes up as one liable to sew up the Island League without any strain. A new coach, Captain William J.

TURN PAGE



← **"BABE" ADAMCZYK**
Slugger and receiver deluxe at El Toro



→ **PETE PETROSS**
Quantico new-comer hits a long ball



← **HARRY THOMAS**
Long range gun for 1stProvMarBrig

Kohler, has taken up the reins, and with the wealth of material at hand he shouldn't have to resort to the whip.

Though Coach Kohler is a hurler in his own right he has found enough pitching strength on hand so that he plans to do only relief work himself. The other pitchers are Sherwood Pittman, a southpaw who saw service in the Textile and Western Carolina Leagues prior to joining the Corps; Brittain, Corey, Higgins, Yates, Clark and Krueger. It'll be a scramble for starting roles.

The brigade added infield defensive strength and the "expected" clubbing power when first sacker Harry D. Thomas joined the outfit early in the year. Last year he played with NAS, Pensacola where he batted .427 which included 19 homers.

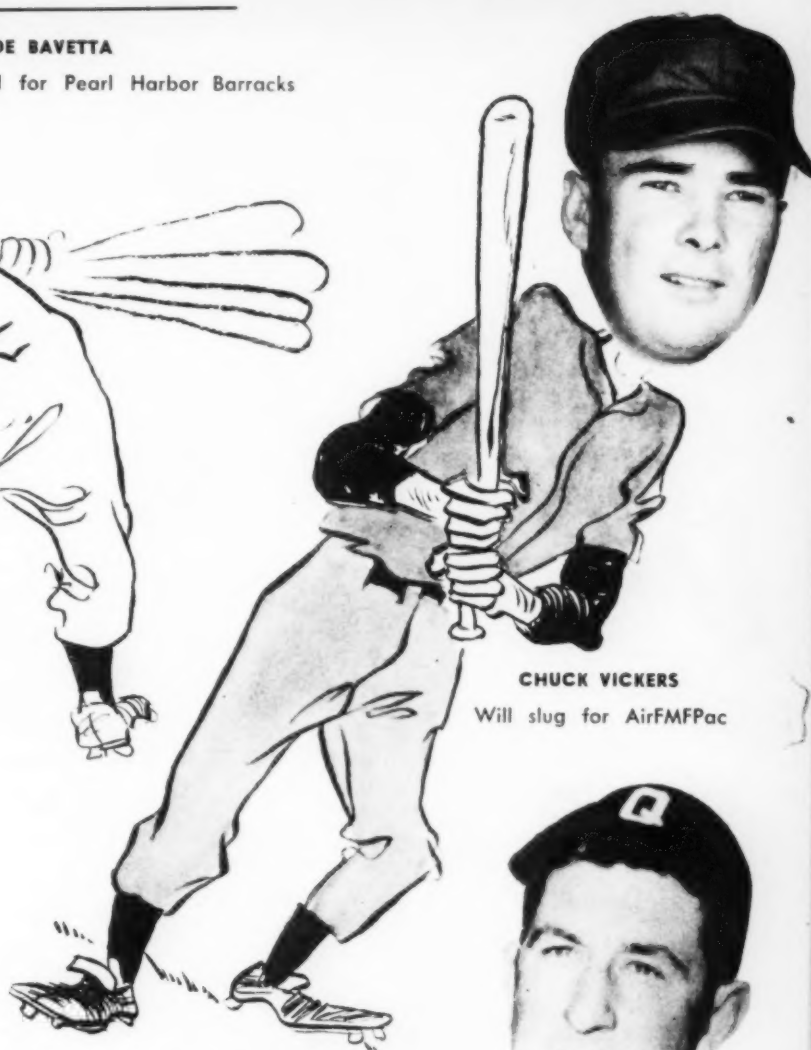
Another experienced player who will add steadiness to the youngsters is an "old time" catcher, Technical Sergeant Jimmy Ferrell. He has had nine seasons back of the plate during his time in the Corps, and while 32, the age when most receivers hang up their mitts, Ferrell thinks the favorable Island weather will carry him through at least one more year.

Another FMF command sounded out about their 1949 hopes was Air, FMF, Hawaii. They had a good record last year in the Hawaiian area league, and infielder Charlie Vickers of Chesterville, Md., said, "I think we will be stronger in all positions than we were last year, and with any luck, we may pull through in the All-Navy league."

The team is coached by Art Schmagel, who is of the opinion that

JOE BAVETTA

Again on second for Pearl Harbor Barracks



CHUCK VICKERS

Will slug for AirFMFPac

the outcome depends on the development of last year's men. They were mostly young, and showed definite signs of coming along at the close of the season.

The Pearl Harbor Marines look like they might raise just as much trouble for the others in the league as they did last year. At that time their hitting was tops, while the pitching kept rolling off the deep end. Corporal Joe Bavetta, Barracks second baseman who played for SubPac in the All-Navy series, is back again. He thinks the league will be better balanced this year, with most of the power more evenly spread. Corporal Art Dion even went further, stating, "We have better all-around strength this year, a couple of good hurlers, so we have a good chance of being in there."

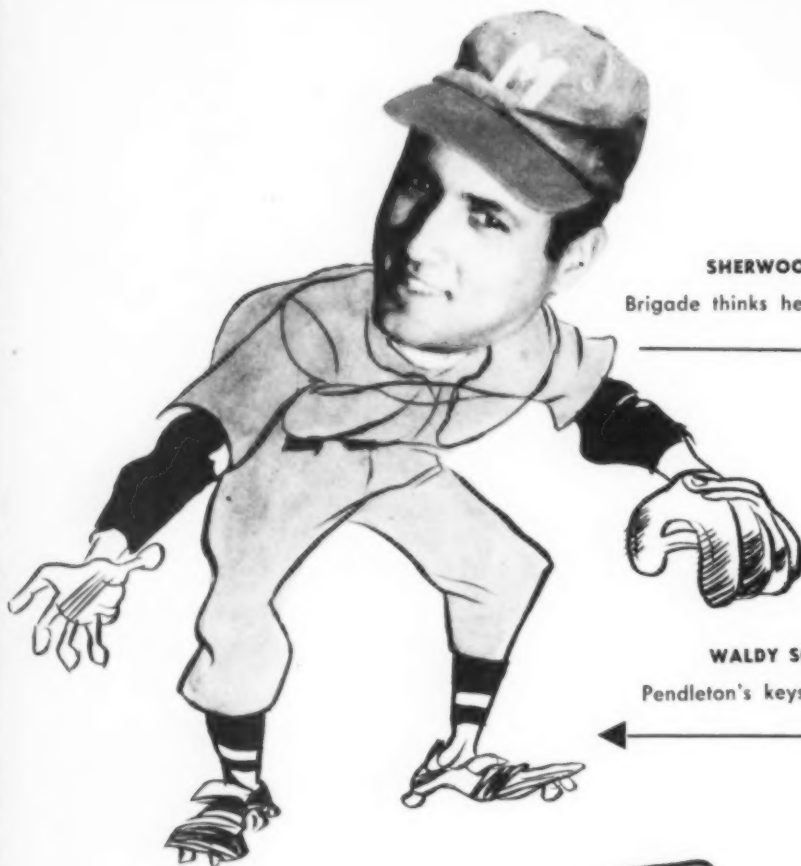
"Up the highway a piece, at Camp Catlin, home of the FMF Marines—Major H. C. Parks had a vigorous schedule going by February 1st. Some of his best players from last year are still around, including Corporal Rocky Rockwell who made the FMF-Pac All-Star team last year for his superb hurling. Rocky thinks a first class catcher will put them in.

Larry Standley on the FMF nine, a slugging tech sergeant from Georgia, went even higher in his crystal gazing. He said a catcher not only would let them in on the area title, but that they'd take Quantico as well in the finals. Everybody seems to think Quantico is going to be the one to whip. It must be a unanimous opinion because Cecil Wade, a communicator with the Force Signal Company and a



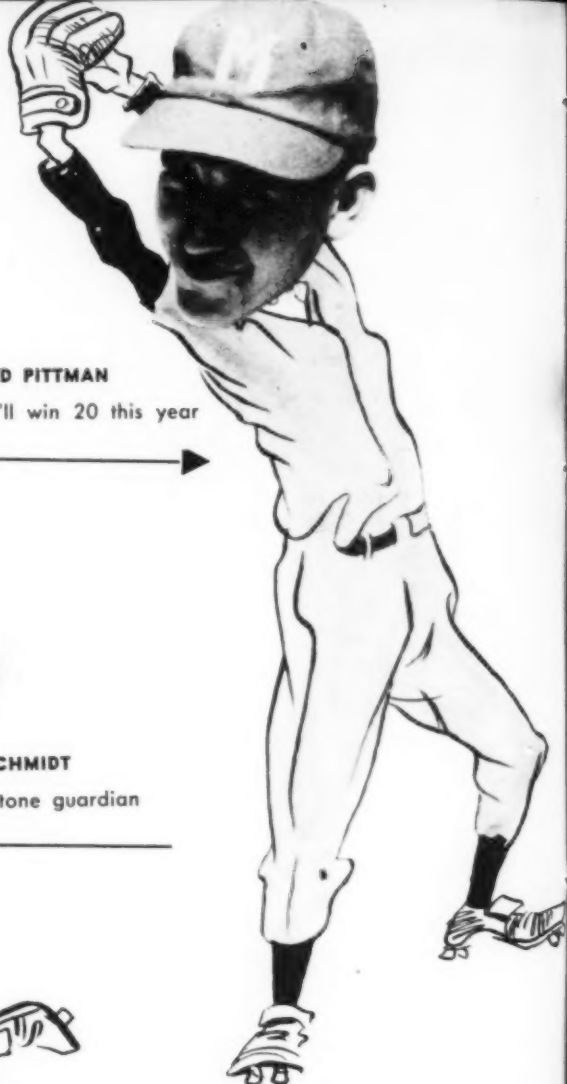
JERRY DONOVAN

Good field, good hit for Quantico



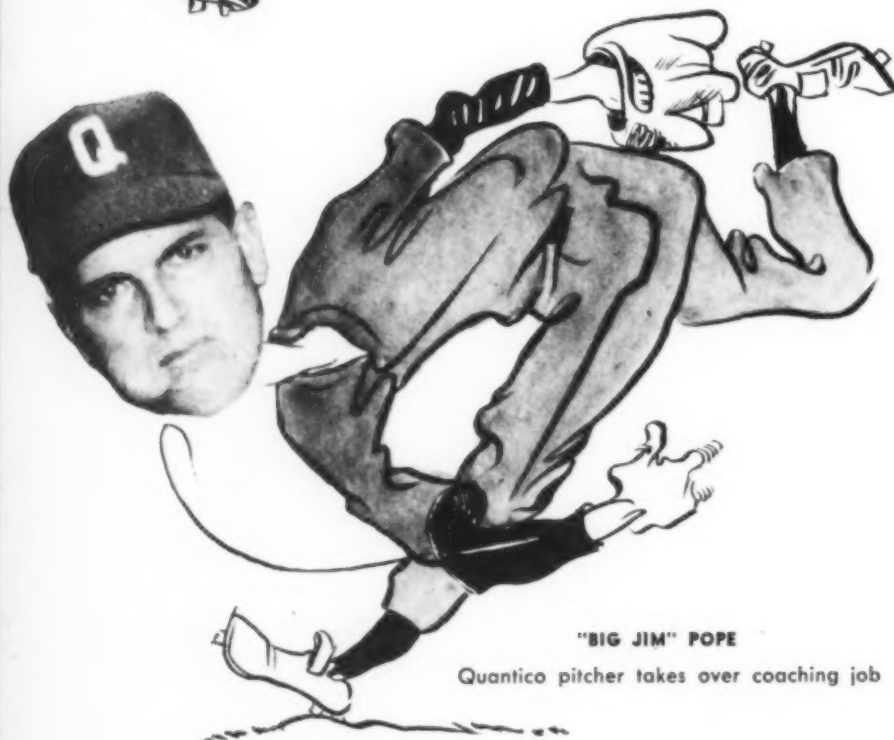
SHERWOOD PITTMAN

Brigade thinks he'll win 20 this year



WALDY SCHMIDT

Pendleton's keystone guardian



"BIG JIM" POPE

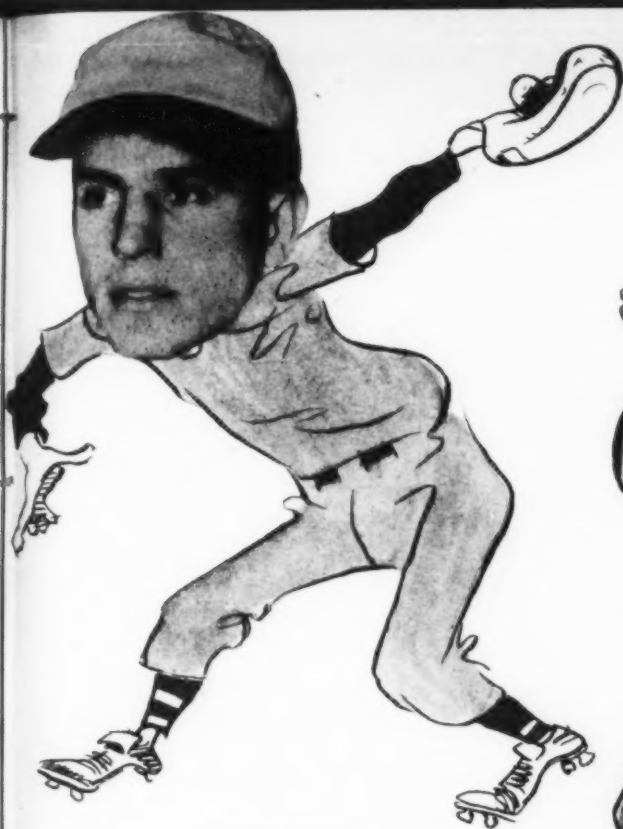
Quantico pitcher takes over coaching job

standout third baseman, backed up the other two statements.

I wonder if they'd all be disappointed if they had to play Podunk Barracks from Boondockerville. It's happened before.

Getting back to Stateside and out in God's Golden West, Camp Pendleton may have the key to the whole situation. They came within inches of being the West's representative in '48, bowing out to SubPac in a heart-breaker. If they haven't lost too many of the vital performers they could repeat. As it stands there seems to be a large portion of new names and faces in the line-up; but they compiled a fairly decent record in the Winter league operating in Southern Cal.

Pfc. Waldemar Schmidt, Sgt. Ronald C. Anderson and Pfc. Walt Perko, player-coaches, all agree that Charlie Taylor would have been the clincher. Charlie, it will be remembered, won 22 and lost four for CampPen last year and was the main reason the club almost came through.



DICK MARKEIWICZ

First baseman-hurler for Flying Bulls



ROCKY ROCKWELL

Stellar hurler for Camp Catlin



BOB BLAYLOCK

Pours 'em in from portside for El Toro

Schmidt will operate at second base, Sergeant Mike Sunajko again in the outfield while Perko will split his coaching with some hurling. The other jobs are wide open.

Some 50 miles away, crowflight, the largest turnout in El Toro history greeted the initial call of Coach First Lieutenant John T. Molan on February 14th.

Approximately 75 hopefuls went through the warm up exercises and showed their wares in an attempt to land one of the coveted first team berths. Helping Coach Molan to select the 22 he intends to retain, is First Lieutenant Richard Moore a veteran of last year's team and Technical Sergeant Robert Ross, who once toiled for Indianapolis in the American Association.

They feel that prospects are brighter for the Flying Bulls this year than in any time since the war. Only three men have been lost from the starting combination which took second place in the 11th NavDist in 1948.

Last season's All-Pacific choices,

Vincent "Babe" Adamczyk, catcher, and Virgil Bivens, outfielder, are back again.

In addition, Bedford Wood and Carl Petroff are back to help Biven patrol the outer pastures, while Dick Markiewicz returns to the initial sack and will assist Bob Blaylock and John Casey with the pitching chores.

The only real problem is that of plugging the gap at second base, short-stop and third base, a job that could compare to building up a 30 foot levee, ten miles long on the Memphis side of the Mississippi.

Pitching would help too, one or two more to strengthen the veteran trio they have now.

So it's just like the Majors—all the clubs have their big "IF." Will the fans love them in September as they did in May?

What about the champs down Quantico way? Well, they haven't said too much. Jim Pope, one of last year's hurlers, who turned in that excellent relief job in the final game of the All-

Navy series is back, and will coach as well as take his turn on the mound.

Don Niedringhaus will return as the backstop, Ad Gruca and Russo are fixtures in the infield. There are a couple of new pitchers, but it's too early to tell what they'll do. We have the assurance of the great one himself, that Al Hora will not play this year. Now I wouldn't be surprised if the Potomac should suddenly run dry.

The athletic office released a schedule showing that they will play 39 games during April and May, all against collegiate and minor league clubs. That's in addition to their regular schedule in the All-Navy and other leagues in which they participate during the rest of the year. So it looks as if they're coming up with another 124 game season, just as last year. Would they schedule such a gang if they didn't have anything to play with?

But everything is rosier in the Spring—even romance. Wait until September, however, and we'll see how the old gal paced.

END

What happened to the

lad who tucked Guam

into bed every night?



SILENT SACKKRAT

by JoAnn Simmons

"-- **F**IRST let's take off that warm shirt . . . unbutton it . . . that's right . . . now loosen that belt . . . now let those pants drop . . . let's take off those heavy boondockers . . . first the right (thud) . . . that's fine . . . and now the left (kerplunk) now wiggle those toes . . . aaaah . . ."

Remember the Sackrat Serenade?

During the war nearly every one of Guam's 10,000 odd radio sets was tuned to the island's Armed Forces Radio Station every night at 15 minutes before sack time, and tens of thousands of GIs listened to the personality coming out over those wires. Durwood Hyde, the Sackrat, had a listening audience there on Guam greater than that of Sinatra and Crosby combined.

The Sackrat's mellow "Good evening" was like a hot fudge sundae, melting into richness—like the murmur of a gentle sea on a full moon's night . . . like nothing at all you've ever heard except the sound of the Sackrat's voice. It's a voice to make women go crazy and the men go to sleep.

Against the soft, sleepy background

of Hoagy Carmichael's immortal "Star Dust," Hyde's husky whisper boomed with an almost Inner Sanctum quality. His quarter hour program of witty poetry, dreamy music and smooth talking lulled the boys on Guam like a pair of loving arms.

Letters still pour in wondering whatever became of the Number One on the Marines hit parade and why the Sackrat's voice is silent now.

The Sackrat has been on a Bohemian bum! He's been acting for free and calling it luck, tramping the street of our country's biggest town and stage-managing in a little theater for his board. And furthermore he's married and has become a proud pappy.

The Sackrat's conduct isn't unusual—for him. He started in radio at the age of 16. When his parents moved to Louisville, Durwood became the youngest radio announcer in Kentucky, but he was more interested in acting. He played in little theaters whenever he had the chance, and got into the big show with the Marine Corps in 1942.

He boxed in San Diego and extra-

curricular-ed on "The Halls of Montezuma," along with Tyrone Power, Bill Lundigan and a few other famous names. In April of 1944 Hyde went overseas and joined the First Division as a flame thrower and a bazooka man. He took part in the Peleliu invasion and earned a Letter of Commendation. In the Okinawa campaign he was wounded seriously and evacuated to Guam.

His first day out of bed found him



hitching a ride to the radio station, where he convinced the captain that Durwood Hyde was exactly the shot in the arm that the station needed—and the Sackrat program was, born. Later it grew to 25 minutes, when Hyde, by popular request, wangled an extra ten minutes of kilowatts for the entire island.

When Durwood got home from the Marine Corps, he studied in New York at the Academy of Dramatic Arts, received a degree for a two-year course within a year. Then he saw the shady side of those sidewalks for two long months before he landed a part in a new show being tried out by a summer stock company. But "How Now, Brown Cow" flopped before it hit Broadway, and he plunged into "Hasty Heart" with Freddy Bartholomew.

The Fall of '47 found Durwood falling too, back in New York, living like a Hollywood version of a Greenwich Village artist, in a two by four dressing room of the 50-some-year-old Davenport Theater. He rehearsed during the day, played whatever parts he could get at night and somehow squeezed in three hours' back-stage work out of every 24 to earn his three rather rounded-off meals a day. Butler Davenport's little theater has housed Gene Raymond, Robert Walker and many other now-famous names. Thomas Mitchell played juveniles there. It's a stamping-ground, training-ground

for people who are willing to work hard for no pay. It's a very little-publicized play-house that doesn't sell tickets—merely takes up collections for the maintenance of the building and the costs of production.

And at the same time, Hyde was helping to found the Crosstown Players, a lively group of youngsters who book dates around New York, set up their scenery wherever they can and play the classics with all their hearts. He tried television and radio, too. He made a few children's records. He had a thousand prints of his photographs made and stamped his phone number on them, then nonchalantly left them taped to any and every lamppost and building he happened to pass—an experiment which produced the phone calls, all right, but not from producers!

This couldn't go on all Winter—not with an addition to the family in the offing—so Durwood took his wife to Florida. Bonnie was born in February of 1948, and the Sackrat's young one is a beautiful little girl who doesn't need her daddy's wonderful voice to lull her to sleep.

Unable to do much manual labor because of his still not fully recovered arm, Hyde spent the Winter in Florida getting more and more stage experience. He managed to get three leading roles in amateur productions, and he considers himself very fortunate even though the experience didn't buy any



groceries. He lived with his parents while he was in Florida, and his wife recovered her health. They left again for New York late in the Spring.

For more than six months, the Sackrat's deep voice was lost in the hustle and bustle of Manhattan as he picked up every bit part he could get and lived in a manner similar to his immediate postwar life. But the roles got bigger and better and the breaks started coming more often. Two pictures of him were published in *Theater Arts* magazine, and the cut lines admitted he is a budding young actor.

So don't get the idea Durwood Hyde is a sad sackrat. He's determined to stick with the actor's life. You'll be seeing him one of these matinees and, unless we miss our guess, the motion pix will grab him—after the legitimate theater has trained him! **END**



Hyde posted 1000 pix around New York and sat by his telephone. Dozens of girls called



The Sackrat, left center, was number one on Guam's hit parade in 1945. Since leaving WXLII, he's been on a Bohemian bum—waiting for a break



CHINA DUTY

Asiatics may find fond memories

in this pictorial series

OFFICIAL U. S. MARINE
CORPS PHOTOS



A \$4 rug in Tsingtao's black market attracts Bob Bradley and Bennett Brock



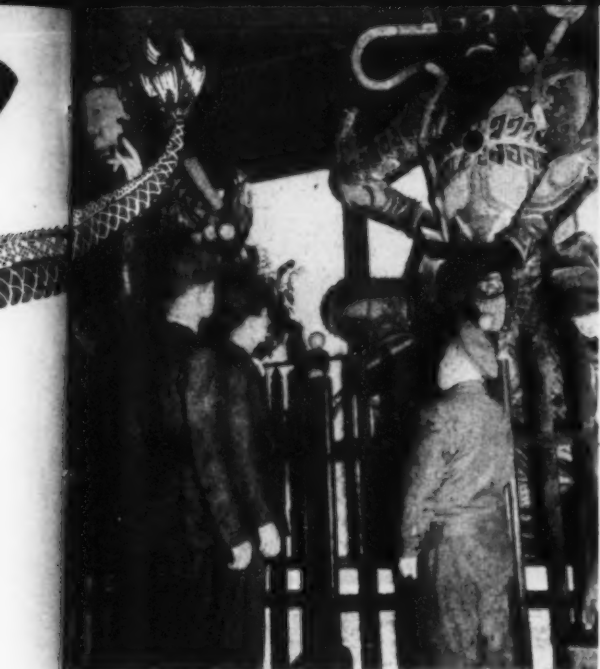
IN a nostalgic mood, *Leatherneck* presents photographic souvenirs of what was once "the best duty in the Marine Corps." Marines have been in and out of China since the turn of the century. Billets are scarce now, but every old salt who has done a cruise in China has a stock of memories and tall tales of Oriental love and adventure. Sea stories that begin: "So there I was in my rickshaw, riding down Hu Pei Road, when suddenly" The rest isn't for publication.

For further information about China duty, try any slop chute! **END**



Bradley and Brock bargain for fruit though it's considered not safe to eat

←
Pfc's Walter Roos and Roy Heintz are snowed at "Thieves Market," Peiping. Bargaining sometimes lasts for hours



Tu Wen, left, and black-faced Chen Chang. Each governs eight of the 33 Buddhist heavens



The winery of the historic French monastery in Peiping. With gestures, a brother gives out some choice information concerning wine distillation

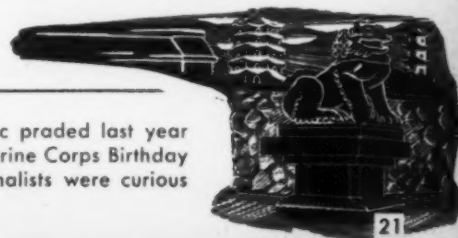


Remember No. 29 First Kim Kow Road? That was the address of the Forces Corporals' Club—a famous China night spot



High-ranking Chinese Nationalist generals accompanied by General Gerald C. Thomas, CG, FMFWesPac, inspect troops

Units of FMFWesPac praded last year to celebrate the Marine Corps Birthday in Tsingtao. Nationalists were curious




A Man and A Horse

by Andrew Geer



The horse world laughed at the runty colt and gamblers scrambled

to eat a slice of the million Matt Daly had bet



IT WAS the colt's first race on a mile track and a million dollars were bet on him to win. That's the true story of the little bay colt from the Bitter Root Mountains. Unless you've been around racing a long time, you won't know this colt. His name is Ogden. As suckling foal he nearly died in a box car on a rail siding near Ogden, Utah. Through this accident of illness he got his name. The train was stalled because of a howling blizzard; inside the car it was biting cold. A rough boat trip over the Atlantic and a jolting train ride across the continent were too much for the young thoroughbred and he came down with pneumonia.

Trainmen and grooms gathered around and piled hay at the doors of the box car to keep out the sifting snow and bitter wind. Blankets and straw were piled on him; every half hour he was force fed. While the train waited for the storm to clear, a groom ran through the driving snow to a railside farmhouse and borrowed a nursing bottle. Filling the bottle with warm water and tucking it next to his belly under his belt, the man ran back to the train. Removing the nipple, he added a dash of whiskey and fed the colt. The storm let up and the train moved on. The youngster lived.

Marcus Daly, copper king and owner of railroads, was importing racing stock to his ranch in the Bitter Root Mountains. This was Daly's gesture to the state that had seen him rise from a pick and shovel to the ownership of mines, newspapers and railroads. For many years Daly had tried to win the Futurity or Derby with a colt from Montana . . . he had failed many times. He had had some good horses, but no champions. His horse Tammany defeated Lamplighter in a match race at Guttenberg and won a hundred thousand in bets. At four, his colt Montana won the Suburban, and one year his Silver II ran third in the Futurity. The Daly colors of copper and green had been in the winner's circle many times, but never in the classics.

The horse world laughed at the ruddy-faced Irishman and his horse ranch in the Bitter Roots near Hamilton, Montana.

American champions came only from the lush pastures of Maryland, Virginia and Kentucky; the climate was too rugged in the west . . . look at the record. Their ridicule burned in the old miner.

Daly wrote an agent, Jim McCaig, in England and told him to buy the finest brood mares he could find. McCaig bought many. At Tilgate Forest Stud McCaig saw a young brood mare, Oriole. She carried the blood of Bend Or, winner of the English Derby, Ascot Gold Cup and a dozen other stakes. Oriole was in foal to Kilwarlin, the winner of many fine races, including the Doncaster St. Leger at a mile and three quarters. Kilwarlin, through his dam, Hasty Girl, had the strain of The Byerly Turk. Oriole's dam, Fanella, had proved herself by sending many fine horses to the tracks.

McCAIG knew his blood lines and he studied them carefully . . . Daly was a valued client and a good friend. Oriole measured up and he bought her. It was Daly's wish that the colts be foaled in Montana, but before arrangements could be made and shipping space secured Oriole dropped her foal. The long journey from England to the Bitter Roots began. En route Ogden came down with pneumonia in a snowbound box car in Utah.

Spring found Ogden in the foothills of the Bitter Root Mountains of Montana, in a rough land where the high, thin air carried the pungent bit of sage and the pastures were wild prairie grass and his companions were mustangs and broncos and a few hot bloods like himself from England.

Ogden was on the small side. His rough start in life had set him back months, but his bone was as hard as the land he lived on. As he grew away from the side of Oriole, he roughed with cold bloods over ground pocked with gopher holes and strewn with boulders. He became as sure footed and agile as the mountain goats roaming the crags of the upper Bitter Roots.

Midsummer brought him under the scrutiny of Marcus Daly. The copper king was unimpressed with his first look at Ogden. The colt was the most unlikely looking prospect of all the colts foaled from the English mares. He was short coupled and small, a little on the runty side. Mountain ticks had started an infection on his neck, and hair was gone in patches.

The colt was stabled and cured of his rash and turned out to roam again. Upon his return to pasture the other colts, as they will often do, ganged up on the runty Ogden. He fought the

leader in a vicious, blazing fight and took over the leadership of the herd. It was this spirit that attracted Daly and the grooms.

The following year, Ogden and the other imported colts were taken to Anaconda Track. Anaconda, a half mile track, had been built by Marcus Daly for the entertainment of the miners and townspeople. When the copper king tried to get eastern horsemen to ship to the summer race meets in Montana, they put him off. "Too far," they told him, but they meant too small, for Anaconda was a half-mile track. But Daly would not give up and he prevailed upon stables from California to ship to the yearly race meets at Butte and Anaconda.

By early Summer Ogden was coming around. He learned quickly and he liked it. He was a floater, his feet kissing the ground lightly . . . that meant he would be a stayer. Of all the English colts, the runty Ogden was coming to hand the fastest.

On Sunday morning early they turned the colt loose. The question was asked of him, "How fast can you run a half mile?" When he flashed across the line, his trainer Johnny Campbell looked at the time. His hand shook as he pocketed the stopwatch without clicking it back . . . he would let the second hand stay as it was to show Daly.

Campbell drove into Anaconda and went to the telegraph office. The message he sent to Marcus Daly was laconic, "We have found what we want in Ogden." To the operator it meant another big business deal for the copper king in Utah.

When Marcus Daly received the message he called a bookmaker on the telephone and asked the future book odds on Ogden in the Futurity.

"What horse, Mr. Daly?" the bookmaker asked.

"My horse Ogden—"

"Oh, yes, of course." A slight pause, "Ninety, sixty and thirty."

"A thousand across the board. I'll send a check at once."

"Thank you, Mr. Daly."

That transaction was to cost the bookmaker \$180,000. The copper king left his eastern stable under Matt Byrnes and went to Montana.

At the Summer race meet at Anaconda Track Daly had Montana and Tammany, and he worked the colt against these veterans. By mid-Summer the youngster was out-footing the older horses. If eastern horsemen or bookmakers heard of the colt's exploits, they discounted them . . . a morning glory on a bush track.

To Daly, the colt was the answer to a dream. To Johnny Campbell, the trainer who was fighting his way back



from a run of bad luck that had sent him from the big time to the bushes, the colt was his insurance that once again he would be training on the Big Time. It was decided they would turn Ogden loose in the Futurity. They would pick no soft spots for the colt from the Bitter Roots. His first race on the Big Time would be against the fastest colts in America.

THE colt was shipped to Saratoga. On a mile course with its gentle turns and long straightways, the colt burned up the track. He ran six furlongs in one-eight and to this day there are few who will believe it. Ten days before the big race, Ogden stepped on a pebble while working and he was gimpy when he returned to the barn. An all night session was held in the colt's box. Marcus Daly, a man who had millions, sat the night through on a bale of hay while Campbell and grooms worked on the horse. Tubs of water were heated . . . tub and rub; rub and tub, hour after hour. The bubble had burst for two men. For Johnny Campbell it meant another failure added to an already long string . . . it meant the bushes again. For Marcus Daly it was a dream shattered. No champion for Montana this season. . . .

The next morning they took Ogden out and he galloped without a sign of



"With ears pricking, he floated home . . . over a million dollars on his nose."

pain. Five days later he worked six furlongs under 120 pounds (five pounds more than he was to carry in the big race) in one-twelve. Silently Campbell and Daly shook hands . . . the Futurity was theirs.

They shipped the colt to Sheepshead Bay, New York, where the Futurity was to be run. It was here that the western stable of the copper king first met his eastern stable under Matt Byrnes. The western stable received a cool reception. The winner of the Futurity was in the eastern stable . . . Scottish Chieftain was his name. Matt Byrnes was convinced of that. Why clutter up the track with a green colt? Riding Scottish Chieftain was Taral, a jockey who consistently was out-riding Tod Sloan and Snapper Garrison that season.

Daly wanted Taral to ride Ogden, but Matt Byrnes objected and never a person to cross a friend, the copper king agreed. By then Daly was confident that the colt would win with a sack of corn up.

The search began for another rider. Tod Sloan was to ride Ornament, the favorite.

Hills rode Rodermond and Simms had the fast Keene filly, Rhodesia. Garrison refused to make the weight of one-fifteen. Daly and Campbell finally chose "Doc" Tuberville.

Tuberville had begun riding in California with fair success at first, but gradually fell in esteem because he lacked the "finishing drive." He drifted to St. Louis and thence to New Orleans . . . then to the bush tracks in Montana where he was exercise boy and rode in some races. Campbell brought him with the stable where he rode Ogden at Saratoga. A bush rider on a bush horse, trained by a man whose luck had run out.

THE Eastern horsemen and bookmakers feared Scottish Chieftain, but were having a good laugh at the antics of Daly and his green colt from Montana. Wherever the copper king went he suffered the jibes of his friends. One New York paper told its readers, "Scottish Chieftain is the chief one of Marcus Daly's string, although Ogden will be sent to the post—the foolish whim of a wealthy man. As matters stand, it looks as if only three horses are in it, these being Ornament, Challenger and Rhodesia."

Burned raw, the old miner responded the only way he could, by betting with anyone who would take a bet. He was not vindictive, he was not trying to break the bookmakers or hurt his Eastern friends . . . he was quite frank. He told one and all that Ogden was the fastest horse alive at any age. They

laughed and took his bets. To them it was money in the bank.

The night before the race a heavy rain beat down on the track. Crews of workmen harrowed and raked, but the track would be labelled "heavy." Eighteen thousand people gathered at Sheepshead Bay for the race. There were over 60 bookmakers set up and doing business and as long as they would offer odds against Ogden uncoupled with Scottish Chieftain, Daly bet them. With friends he would accept no odds. He told them they were foolish and placed three "friendly" bets of \$50,000 each and many smaller ones of \$5,000, \$10,000 and \$15,000.

In the saddling enclosure riding instructions to Tuberville were brief. Daly told the boy, "Take him to the outside, run him on the outside all the way, if you have to. Just keep him out of trouble." He gave the jockey a leg up and handed him a ticket. "Tuck this in your boot. It's worth \$5,000 if you bring him in."

Ten horses went to the post. Ornament with Sloan drew the pole. Ogden was in the second slot, flanked by Challenger, Box and Panmure. Straining against the line from the outside of these were Newsgatherer, Rodermond, Scottish Chieftain, Rhodesia and Bastion. Tod Sloan, returning to the saddle after

(continued on page 53)



POSTS OF THE CORPS

FORT MIFFLIN

**For almost a century Marines have been
guarding this 284-year-old post**

by Sgt. Edward Evans

Leatherneck Staff Writer

Photos by Sgt. Edwin Nierenberg

Leatherneck Staff Photographer

YOU can't borrow a match at Fort Mifflin near Philadelphia. And you'd better not be carrying one. The 67 men and two officers at this naval ammunition depot are sitting literally and quite comfortably on a powder keg.

No one knows how high Mud Island would blow in case of an explosion. No one cares to find out.

The present troops relieved white Marines on September 14, 1947. All changeover was made without difficulty. Several key men of the former command remained for two to three weeks to facilitate property accounting and handling of records.

These Marines, consider their duty at Fort Mifflin the best duty they've had in the Marine Corps. About 75 per cent of the men are overseas veterans serving in their second cruise and their former duties ranged from artillery to stewards branch. They are highly enthusiastic about increasing their military knowledge. The barracks training program is intensive, each of the subjects taught during the morning classes is thoroughly covered until each man can pass an examination on the material given. Instructors are NCOs who have attended specialized schools on each sub-

ject. Within the limits of guard duty requirements or the weather, field training is carried on to give the men practical experience.

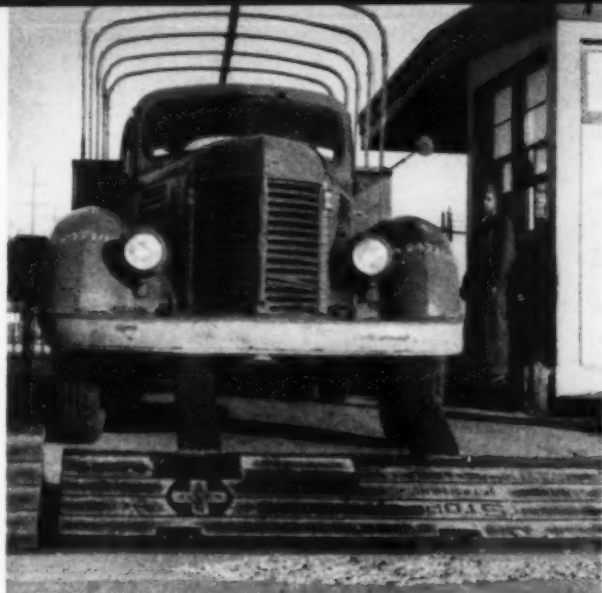
Duty in this ammunition depot differs from that of most guard companies in that each Marine here is a qualified fire fighter and the off-duty watch of the guard stands by in the depot fire house. Although the permanent fire fighting force is civilian, the Marines are all graduates of the fire fighting class of the Damage Control School at the Philadelphia Navy Base. At this post men are allowed to smoke indoors, but not outside and they are required to confiscate all matches and inflammables from depot employees entering the gates. Constant danger of explosion has made it necessary to equip all barracks offices with spark-proof electric wall cigaret lighters.

Hundreds of civilians were employed at Fort Mifflin during the war when it was an assembly plant for shells and powder bag packing. Today it serves as an ammunition storage point and guard activities have been gradually decreased. A daily guard detail of 16 men handles the gates, a roving jeep patrol and the strongly guarded loading dock.

Marines have served 94 years of continuous duty at Mifflin since it became a naval magazine under the control of the Philadelphia Navy Yard in 1855. In 1904 it became a separate command as an ammunition depot.

Fort Mifflin's own history goes back to the early days of the colonies. The first fort, Fort Gripsholm, on Mud Island was built in 1655 by Swedish Governor Printz to keep the Dutch out of Philadelphia. The Dutch eventually captured the city and under them Gripsholm fell into decay. The ruins were known as Mud Fort and when the British won the territory in 1773 they began the reconstruction of a new fort named in honor of the British governor, Thomas Mifflin.

At that time Fort Mifflin, Mud Island and the Navy Yard on League Island were separated from the mainland. The channels separating them were very shallow and the mainland side of the fort was relatively undefended. The two islands were separated by the junction of the Schuylkill and Delaware Rivers. During the American Revolution Washington's army took possession of the fort and held it for some time even though the British managed to capture the city of Philadelphia.



Main gate guards can make doubly sure that no unwanted vehicles get past this electrically-operated road block



Any car or truck striking this massive steel barricade would be stopped dead in its tracks and probably wrecked



The new guard of the day marches smartly into position for guardmount in front of the post headquarters office



SSgt. Carrel Reavis dresses the ranks in preparation for an inspection by the new commander of the guard, an NCO

Unable to take the island from its strongly fortified deep water side, the British diverted the current of the river to deepen the channel. This made it possible for them to sail their men-o-war up the channel and take the island by bombardment. Thereafter the fort fell into disrepair a second time until the state of Pennsylvania began reconstruction in 1793 and subsequently turned it over to the War Department. During the Civil War it served as a Union Army prison, and in 1855 it became a naval magazine area consisting today of 300 acres. The Army Engineer Corps still controls the old fort.

The commanding officer of the Marine Barracks, when the colored troops arrived, was Major Roland J. Spitzen, now serving with the Second Marine Division. He was relieved in March, 1947, by Captain Charles S. Roberston who is greatly admired and respected by his command. Capt. Robertson and his executive officer, First Lieutenant Daniel D. Prisby, won commissions from enlisted ranks. The captain was enlisted for four and a half years of his 11 years of service and in 1938 was a Pfc aboard the USS *Arkansas* at the time when Commander R. M. Farrell, now Commandant of the depot, was

a lieutenant jg aboard the same ship.

These two officers of the Marine Guard carry out all the administrative duties usually assigned to additional officers. The captain, aside from his duties as commanding officer, must serve as fire marshal, post exchange officer, mess officer, special services officer and in several other minor capacities. The lieutenant, in addition to being executive officer, is assistant fire marshal, supply officer and recruiting officer. Senior NCOs share some of the officer's burden in administrative duties and running of the guard.

Efficiency has been raised to a high



Captain Charles S. Robertson finds a sharp outfit lined up for their Friday morning troop and weapons inspection



Sgt. Joe Smith, in center, watches Pfc. Ledell Smith as he inspects his pistol before relieving Corp. H. Miller



Corp. J. D. Williams reports to the guard office by jeep radio while on night patrol of the depot's 300-acre-area



The call is received in the guard office by Pfc. Ernest Dumas. Any irregularities are reported to the sergeant

peak by the efforts of the officers and staff NCOs to increase training facilities and instill high standards of military conduct. When Capt. Robertson arrived, touches of seafaring life were lacking, among them the traditional ship's bell. Vain efforts to obtain one from the Navy Yard resulted in the use of a locomotive bell from one of the depot switch engines. Now Mifflin Marines hear the time struck in a nautical manner on their own bell.

First Sergeant Cecil B. Moore is an energetic man who works hard for the betterment of his men. It was through his efforts that 20 per cent of the com-

mand have taken off-duty educational courses, both through correspondence and by attendance at Philadelphia night schools. The educational background of the men ranges from uncompleted grammar school to college level. The first sergeant recently received a letter from Rear Admiral J. L. Kauffmann, Commandant of the Fourth Naval District, commending the men for their educational activities.

Senior soldier of the barracks was Master Sergeant John T. Pridgen, Army cavalry veteran and one time drill instructor at Montford Point Camp. It was to him that the men of Mifflin

looked to set the pace and standard in all things military. Pridgen was such a conscientious Marine that he often read himself off for infractions of the rules. The story is told of the time he found himself exceeding the depot speed limit in the guard jeep and reported himself, having one of the sergeants of the guard come out and drive the jeep back into the barracks. He has long been their figurehead and constant reminder of the high standards they have had to strive for. His recent discharge left many of the men in low spirits because of the loss to the unit.

Post armorer is Technical Sergeant



During morning school sessions the men are given weapons training. SSgt. Carrell Reavis explains the functions and operation of the 60-mm. mortar



Sgt. Reavis demonstrates and lectures as he sets up a .30 caliber machine gun for the benefit of the class. The men observe intently, then practice



Fire is an ammunition depot's worst hazard. All Marines are trained fire fighters at Mifflin. When the alarm sounds even the company cooks turn out



A tripod is thrown into place. Machine gun drill is included in the training

John Z. Clouser who has given the men a better understanding of their weapons since they have come to Mifflin. In weapons qualification firing last fall at Quantico, the final returns showed one expert, 13 sharpshooters, and 25 per cent unit qualification on rifle and carbine. Marines at Mifflin feel that it was a good showing in view of the fact that before they had joined this command few of them had had extensive weapons training.

Marines going on and coming off duty at all times of the day give Technical Sergeant Willie Miller a full schedule as mess sergeant. Miller, a recent arrival at the post, tries to keep them well fed and happy, and under his administration the mess is reported to have shown considerable improvement. In a mess hall and galley designed for the feeding of 200 men, the chow dispensers have plenty of room in which to exercise their culinary talents.

Staff Sergeant Carrel Reavis performs the duties of commander of the guard and infantry tactical instructor. Reavis was formerly in the 3rd Anti-Aircraft Artillery Battalion. The duties of post exchange steward make Staff Sergeant Evan G. Lythcott a busy and popular man around Fort Mifflin. The PX is always fairly well stocked and run on an informal schedule that meets the demands of the men. Profits from the PX are turned back to the troops in the form of recreation and entertainment equipment. These profits run a little higher here than at most posts of similar size and the men are proud of their television set and well equipped athletic storeroom.

The present troops inherited a great deal of athletic and recreation gear from the former command and consider themselves extremely lucky. A well stocked library of about 1550 books,



Sgt. H. S. Dreher gets his supply of cigarets from PX clerk Pfc. W. J. Moore

current magazines and daily newspapers, has encouraged the men to broaden their reading interests. The library also serves as a lounge with several easy chairs and a fine radio-phonograph for record sessions.

Pool tables, bowling alleys, and the movie-gym keep the men occupied in their off-duty time. In the field of athletics the troops are looked after by Sergeant Colbert M. O'Neal, physical training instructor, who puts all men not on guard through their paces every afternoon with a period of calisthenics as a warm-up. In fair weather he takes them outside for a gallop around the area or starts a few fast games of volley ball, softball or touch football.

Sgt. O'Neal, a Brooklynite, is a quiet, hard working Marine who spent many of his childhood years in Barbados, British West Indies. He is a natural, conscientious athlete whose great interest is track. In training the men he is eager to impress upon them the need for top physical fitness. He is assisted in his athletic duties by Corporals Ivor Griffin and James Murphy, both boxers and basketball players. Under the tutelage of these athletes, Fort Mifflin has been represented in the competitive field by some promising material. Corporal Riley McCray was a recent contender for the Philadelphia *Inquirer's* annual "Diamond Belt" boxing title and Pfc Mathew Crockett was a local Golden Gloves entrant. Pfc Ernest Anderson, Pfc Elijah Echols, Pfc Lacy Thomas and SSgt. Lavent Bennett won letter sweaters as members of the Philadelphia Naval Base football team during the 1948 season.

A Fort Mifflin basketball squad featuring the winning triangle of Corp. Williams, Corp. Griffin and Corp. Murphy met some outstanding Marine and Navy teams from Atlantic City,



Sizzling fish on the gleaming grill mean Friday night chow. And the manner in which Sgt. Alfred Benson prepares it, makes a choice dish for the menu



First Sgt. Cecil B. Moore, left, and MSgt. John T. Pridgen discuss some of the technicalities of the discharge certificate as Pridgen goes out of the Corps

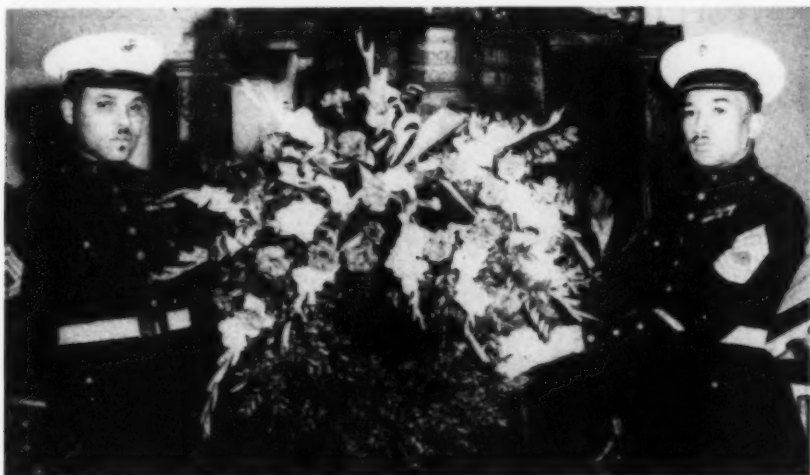


These five lovely young ladies were candidates for the title of "Miss Fort Mifflin" at the Marine Corps ball in

Philadelphia last November. The girls were sponsored by local newspapers and the winner selected by Marine vote



With a fine radio-phonograph, records, and a large selection of magazines and books, the library has become a favorite place for jam sessions and gab



On Lincoln's birthday Sgt. Clouser and Sgt. Moore placed this wreath on the Liberty Bell as part of the observance ceremonies at Independence Hall

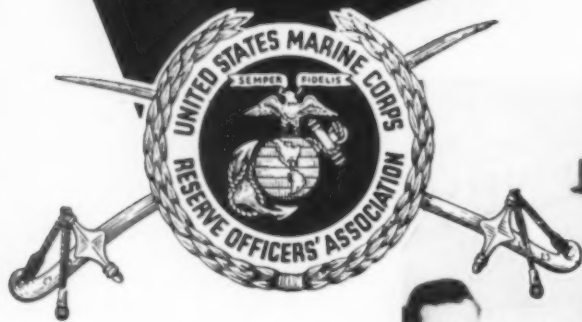
Lakehurst, and Willow Grove. Team activities are difficult because continuous guard duties make it impossible to keep the same squads together for more than a short period of time.

Duty at Fort Mifflin has had its rough days, but most of them are good for a laugh to the men who lived through them. When the present troops arrived to take over the guard, many of the men including NCOs had never had instruction on the pistol. Other similar line duties had been very lightly touched upon since most of the men had come into the Corps in the days when there was a great demand for their services as depot troops or as stewards. Thorough training was begun by Major Spitzen and soon the men were well onto all the snappy ways of a well groomed Marine Guard.

The Navy Commandant of the depot, when the colored troops arrived, was a captain who gave the Marines a rough time with his methods of checking adherence to regulations. The rule that all matches and lighters be checked at the gate was tested by the commandant by asking his guests in the depot if they had a match, if they did, the Marine Guard was read off.

Relations with other troops in the area have been exceptionally good. One day last Summer a group of Mifflin Marines in civies struck up a conversation with Soldiers from Fort Dix. The Marines baited the soldiers along with questions about the toughness of Army life, then brought the roughness of the Marines into the conversation. The soldiers told them the Army was tough, but, "them (continued on page 54)

MCROA CONFERENCE



Reserve officers ask
closer cooperation
and understanding by
all service units

by Major William P. McCahill,
USMCR

OFFICIAL U. S. MARINE CORPS PHOTOS



Colonel Melvin J. Maas, MCROA national president (center), discusses "The future of the USMC as a fighting unit of the Armed Forces," with newsmen

ALTHOUGH January 29th brought four degree below zero weather to Chicago's lakefront, and icy winds held the city in their frozen grip, warm debate and warmer fellowship were to be found within the Knickerbocker Hotel where the Marine Corps Reserve Officers' Association was holding its second postwar conference.

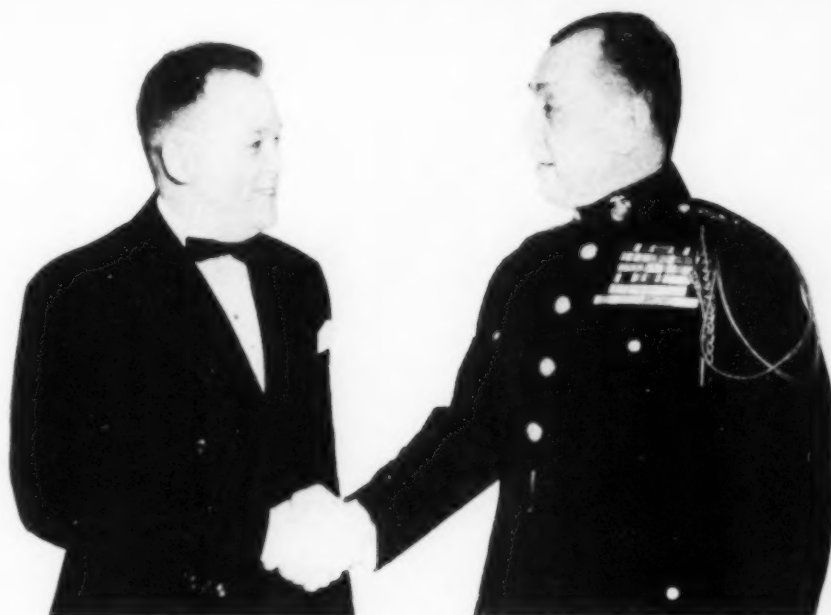
Many of the members wore civvies but greens and blues—some of them conspicuously let out at the waist—were also in evidence at the '49 gathering of the Reserve officers and their guests. Some of those in attendance are employed in civilian occupations, others are members of the regular Corps. But one thing was certain—they were all Marines.

The Marine Corps Reserve Officers Association, shortened to MCROA by its members, is a professional guild of Marine Corps Reserve officers. Since its establishment in 1926 its members

have successfully worked for the best interests of the Marine Corps and the Reserve officers of the Corps, both in and out of Congress. In 1932 they led an expose of an attempt to have the Marine Corps disbanded. After World War II they fought the same situation again. These were the men

who were meeting in Chicago to plan, with other members, how to help their Corps and to promote a solid Reserve program.

Although the themes of the addresses of both General Clifton B. Cates, Commandant and honored guest, and Colonel Melvin J. Maas, the MCROA



General C. B. Cates is welcomed to the conference by Lieutenant James Butterworth, head of Chicago MCROA



Outfits varied. Delegates wore civvies, greens and blues. Although Reserves and Regulars attended the gathering it was obvious that they were all Marines

national president, were cooperation and understanding between all the services, the delegates did not allow the occasion to pass without striking a blow for the Corps, aimed at those who would strip it of its historic missions. They went on record as being opposed to any changes which would deprive the

Corps of "its function as a combat component of the armed forces." They let it be known that they considered Marine aviation an "integral part of the Corps."

Col. Maas urged the delegates to work openly for Congressional improvement of present faults in the unification

law. He stated in a determined manner: "Where the fault is with the individual, vigorous steps must be taken to see that such individuals henceforth accept the official decisions that are made, or else get out of the service."

Among the other speakers, Gen. Cates called upon MCROA to help American citizens think of "first things, first." He asked for a defense establishment capable of moving fast in attack and counter-attack immediately upon any future outbreak of hostilities. Citing the cost of retaking Guam, and the price paid for Tarawa and Iwo Jima after the enemy had been allowed to fortify these islands, he insisted that the price of needed overseas bases would again go skyhigh if such places were kept out of our hands for any appreciable length of time.

Major General William T. Clement, Director, Division of Reserve, asked Reserve officers' help in building up the Marine Corps Reserve and finding suitable armories for their training.

However, all was not high policy and global strategy at the conference. The conference chairman, and president of the Chicago chapter of MCROA, Lieutenant James Butterworth, and his fellow members had planned a well rounded program for the entertainment of the visiting delegates and guests. This ran the gamut from a smoker to a rollicking banquet for the 200 Reserves and Regulars.

Father Paul Redmond, beloved Raider Padre, was reelected as national chaplain, along with Col. Maas and other national officers, including Major Helen O'Neill as national secretary and Colonel Harvey L. (Heinie) Miller as vice-president. Philadelphia was selected for the next Conference, to be held October 21-22, 1949. Colonel Charles Cox, Philadelphia MCROA president and conference chairman, has outlined an action-packed two days including box seats at the Navy-Penn football game. Also scheduled is the annual RONS Naval Ball on Saturday, the 22nd.

At nine o'clock Sunday morning the lobby of the Knickerbocker hotel was strangely quiet again. By 10 o'clock the Marines had departed—mission accomplished.

END



NO. 1

by Sgt. Spencer D. Gartz

Leatherneck Staff Writer

**If you hear an awful yeeoowwW, don't
flee in panic; no runaway jet, it's only Mac**



When the home team is on the road, Mac keeps up via radio. His co-workers keep him locked up, shades drawn in a sound proof room—it must be awful

MARINES have reached top spots in many fields, and it was inevitable that one of them should attain the title of Number One Fan of America's number one sport—baseball. Master Sergeant Bruce McAlister of Quantico holds this coveted honor.

If there are any in the Corps' legion of baseball fans who believe they have a better claim to the head of the list, let them come front and center—and bring their press clippings with them. Sgt. McAlister can prove, with his voluminous scrapbooks, that he is not only the number one rooter, but also the loudest.

Bruce entered the Corps back in 1924, thumbing his way out of New Albany, Ind. Possessing an intense love for the horsehide game, his four-year cruise helped to develop it to a still higher degree, for it was while he was in the Corps that he began to get his baseball in daily rations. Whether it was a scrub, intra-battalion or post game, this avid young Marine could be found seated back of third base, rootin' 'em home. At that time he hadn't developed his famous trade-mark, "The McAlister Screech," so he appeared to be just another average daily attendant baseball fan.

In 1928 McAlister wrapped up his discharge and headed back to the Hoosier state with nothing in particular on his mind but baseball. However, the habit of eating regularly, which he also further developed while in the Corps, kept coming to the fore and a drastic course of action followed. He went to work.

Now the average young man going from job to job in various sections of the country would describe his travels

FAN

Photos by Sgt. Jack Slockbower

Leatherneck Staff Photographer

Besides deafening fellow onlookers, Mac requires game wardens to attend to all of the wild life that insists on responding to his call of the wild



somewhat like this: New Albany, then on to Indianapolis; up to Newark, and finally Pittsburgh. But not McAlister. In keeping with baseball parlance, he went from the Middle-Atlantic League to the American Association, up to the International League, and finally to the majors in the Smokey City.

His famous screech was developed somewhere along the way and reached its peak in Forbes Field, home of the Pittsburgh Pirates. By this time Bruce was toiling for the Bureau of Internal Revenue and wondering why people had to work on sunny afternoons when baseball was being played just around the corner. What a guy didn't have to do in order to live!

The arc lights began to make their appearance in the major leagues about this time and Mac will tell you that the advent of night baseball was what kept him from becoming a straight-jacket case. Imagine being limited to week-end games! Aided by the incandescent lamps, he was once again a daily attendant at the home games, and at the end of his first session Mac was an institution in Pittsburgh.

During his second season there he

began to encounter a bit of difficulty. The ball games were being broadcast, and a show of that magnitude required that well known radio necessity—a sponsor. He's the guy who pays the "nut," or broadcast expenses, in return for the privilege of having the name of his product shouted to the hinterlands during every interval.

Usually, because of lower mid-week attendance, the club owners look upon the sponsor with some measure of respect. It's the additional broadcast coin-in-the-till that performs this miracle. It doesn't take much reasoning then to see why the owners usually listen whenever a sponsor makes a complaint.

The complaint was about our boy Mac. It seems he developed a second "whoop," one reserved solely for the opposition. The No. 1 screech was meant, of course, for the home-team . . . sort of a "c'mon gang" war-cry. Naturally partisan Pirate, Mac didn't wish to see the visiting team come off a winner, so the blood-curdling, shrill, dynamic number 2 job that he delivered

in their direction didn't sound exactly complimentary.

The microphone, always a very sensitive creature where sound is concerned, and equally partisan, picked up both booms and carried them into thousands of Pittsburgh area homes. The sponsor's "beef's" were based on complaints of the listeners.

These poor, bewildered, unassuming souls wrote in, telephoned and telegraphed requesting that the sponsor please discontinue the tube-shattering portion of the commercials. It seems that whenever Mac gave out with his bellow, the good listeners had to spend several valuable minutes, yes, hours, persuading their children and dogs to come out from under beds, sofas and the back stairs.

The sponsor, not wishing to have that supersonic blast associated with their so-called health giving product, complained to the club owners. They, in turn, called in Bruce and told him to desist or be (continued on page 56)

CARTOONS BY

Booth



BOOTH

"By Gad—she WAS loaded!"



BOOTH

"Ah ha, Radcliff, your belt is soiled!"



BOOTH

"I need the money for my leave, Sarge,—
Only five bucks and listen to that tone."

WE—THE MARINES

Edited by Sgt. William Milhon

TRADERS—Kenneth Wagner, 4, has exchanged a shiny dime for a button. Operator in 1775 gear is M/Sgt. Stan Wood, DHRS Seattle, in polio drive



Excuse Poor Aim

The men of the American POW camp in the Kanda District of Greater Tokyo were overjoyed when the war ended. They were even happier several days later when our planes flew in low over the camp and began to drop food, great cases of it. As one told it:

"The men took cover because those cases of food were about as lethal as bombs—if a man got caught under one. About the third sortie the planes made, a case of dried milk went right through the roof of the front office and fell right into the hands of our most unloved master, a Japanese sergeant. It broke both his wrists.

"We were very happy about it so we thought we should apologize Japanese style to the company commander.

"We, the prisoners, were ushered into his presence.

"Sir," I said (my Japanese was pretty sharp by that time) "We wish to apologize for the poor bombing done by our fellow countrymen this morning which resulted in the broken wrists of the sergeant.

"Obviously, the man was a very new pilot—probably on his first mission. No seasoned pilot could have

made so grave an error. He will no doubt be severely reprimanded—probably beaten.

"Forgive, please, American flyers for such poor aim. The pilot's target, undoubtedly, was the back of the sergeant's head!"

"Before the commandant could collect his wits, we bowed ceremoniously and withdrew.

"That incident did more to revenge three years spent in that cess pool than anything that has happened since . . ."

By Frank Hutton
as told to
Isabel Millier Hutton
Box 75
Stinson Beach, Calif.

Queue

All Marines gripe at standing in line, but they don't revolt very often, for money, chow or a weekend liberty is usually at the other end.

One challenge, however, of the wait-your-turn principle was witnessed in a mess quonset in the Solomons. Two haggard Marines entered the building for the noon meal and found lines of predecessors curled around the insides of the hall and up to the steam tables.

"Crowded," one said.

"Yeah, crowded," the other replied.

The pair pushed through the lines and around tables into the center of the hall where they began to have a noisy misunderstanding. Everybody stopped eating, looked around and waited for the fight to start. The quarrel neared its climax and the two started to push each other around. Suddenly one of them grabbed a hand grenade from his belt and shook it in the other's face.

"And now, Mac," he announced to all, "You can tell these nice people you're a filthy liar!"

"I would if I thought you had guts enough to pull the pin outta that."

Several hundred eyes bulged as the enraged Marine jerked the pin and threw the grenade at his opponent's feet. Tables were over-turned as a green tidal wave surged toward any possible exit. In seconds the quonset was empty—except for the two Marines.

They picked up the dummy, sauntered to the abandoned steam tables and served themselves dinner. Then they ate in solitude as a few timorous heads began to peek in at windows and doors.

Submitted by
J. D. Witter
Berkeley, Calif.

TURN PAGE 37

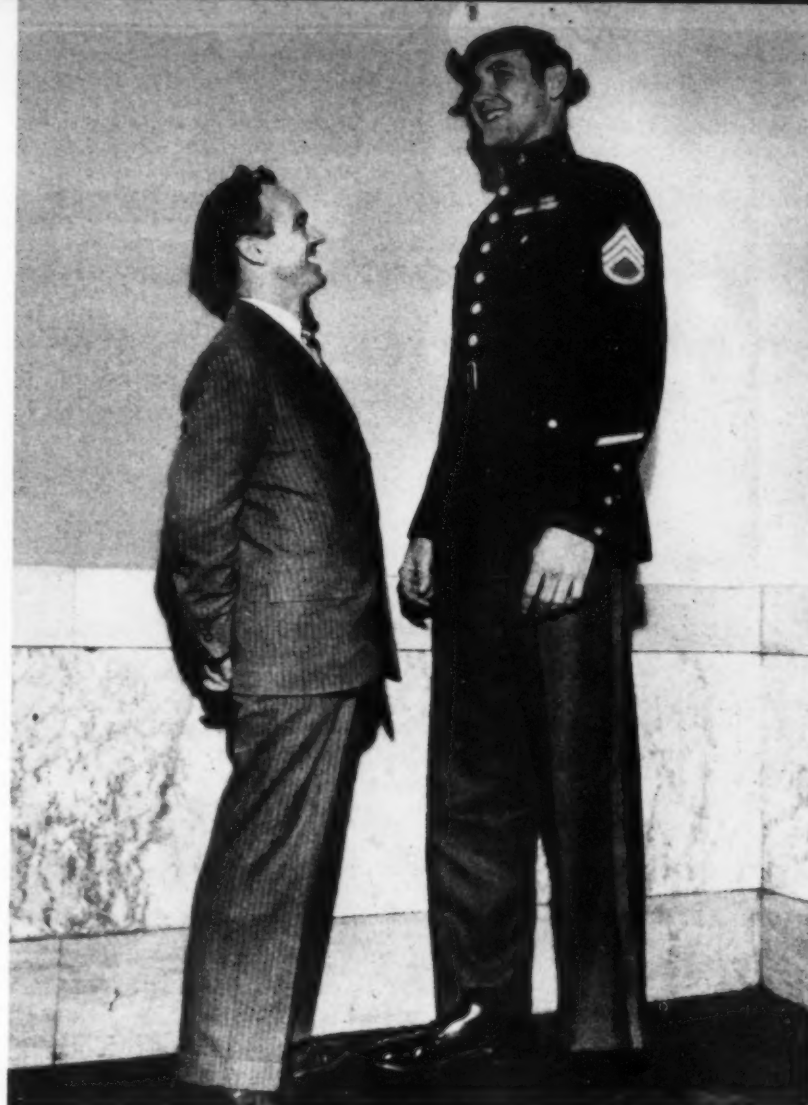


THEY GOT IT—Men of MB, Argentina, Newfoundland who rated and got the good conduct medal were: Sgts. (Top) MacLeod, Weimann, Barb, (Middle) Krider, German, Chason, (Bottom) Rowlands, Lewis, and Young. Congratulations!



HE WAITED—William Jennings, a retired Iowa bus driver earned his good conduct medal in 1910. He waited for the Marine Corps to come through. Then recently, more than 38 years later, Captain John Bowler made the award





TALL TALE—"Look amazed," reporters asked Capt. Robert Hall, Texas' shortest Marine. "I AM amazed," said he, snowed by Jesse Altman's 6 foot 7 inch altitude

Longhorn & Short

The Texas Marines will bashfully admit when hard pressed that Texas had the biggest, the best, and the most of practically everything. In fact, they now confess that the tallest and the smallest Marines of the Corps come from Texas. (Ed. note. Texas occurs in Southwestern USA.)

The tallest story concerns Staff Sergeant Jesse Altman, altitude 6 feet 7 inches. Altman has grown three inches since he enlisted four years ago at the maximum acceptable height of 6 feet 4 inches. "The quartermaster still supplies all my clothes from stock," grins Altman. "Everything but the blues, that is."

Recently Sgt. Altman stopped in Dallas while enroute to Houston, his home town, where he is assigned to

recruiting duty. Reporters and photographers grabbed him immediately. "You're going to see the Judge," they said.

"Criminal District Court Judge of Dallas."

Judge Robert A. Hall, a captain in the Inactive Reserves, posed with Longhorn Altman.

"Look amazed at Altman's height," said the photographer.

"I AM amazed," retorted the judge, whose 5 feet 4½ inches took a special waiver for him to accept a Marine commission. Judge Hall admits that he hasn't grown an inch since then.

In Texas where an adjective is no good unless it ends in "est," common repute has it that Judge Hall is the smallest Marine officer in the country.

Submitted by
Sgt. Jack Harmon

Moms

"We're proud of our sons who wear, or have worn, the forest green," writes the publicity chairman of the MOMS. All mothers are proud, for that matter—but the mothers of Marines in Greater St. Louis joined forces in 1943, secured a charter, and set out to demonstrate actively their feeling for the Marine Corps.

The MOMS after six years of civic, patriotic and benevolent work, publish a monthly paper *Subtle Scuttle* and are very active in raising funds for hospitalized veterans. (Recent gifts to the St. Louis Veterans Hospital include: sports gear, collapsible wheel chairs, and a television set.) The MOMS invite correspondence from other organized groups of Marine Mothers. (Address: Mrs. Vivian Schuler, 752 Hamilton Ave., St. Louis.)

... and don't forget Mother's Day the second Sunday of this month.



Barnacle Scrapper

If First Lieutenant Emile Skocpol's luck holds he will be able to tell this story to his great grandchildren: How he scraped barnacles off the aircraft carrier *Midway*.

Skocpol, a pilot of VMF 461 took off neatly from the carrier deck, but his plane lost power immediately and headed for the drink. It slammed into the sea and exploded. Skocpol, unhurt, but thrown beneath the wreckage, swam frantically to the surface.

He puffed, spat sea water, blew heavily, and tried to get his wind back. Then, very happy indeed to be alive, he paddled around and set his course toward the *Midway*. The *Midway* was heading for him, too.

Some 45,000 tons of ship bore down on him at a speed of 20 knots. The lieutenant revved up his flailing at the water. No use. The bow of the carrier *Midway* struck him hard astern and he went bouncing along the hull under water—which did neither him or the barnacles any good. At last he rolled under the keel and bobbed up on the other side of the ship, just aft of the island.

Eighty feet above him a row of horrified faces stared down in disbelief. The lieutenant waved feebly. Presently, battered and disgusted, he was hauled aboard. Skocpol, laid up for repairs temporarily, had only one comment. "I was lucky," he said modestly.

No Chiselers

The Marines Toolles have carved out a fraternal attendance record that may stand through the ages, unbroken and untied.

Eight brothers, all sons of Mrs. C. W. Toole, Jacksonville, Fla., have served in the Marine Corps. The eldest five beginning with Clark, Jr., served during the war. The three younger Toolles have cut in since. So far as the family is concerned: "The Marine Corps cannot function without a Toole!"

James, the last of the brothers to remain in uniform, is case-hardened. "There's no Toole to replace me when my hitch is up," he explains from the brig at the Naval Air Station in Jacksonville. (He is *not* a customer, he points out hastily; the brig has been his duty station since his recent return from Guam.) "It looks as if I'll be in the Marine Corps until the next generation of Toolles start coming along!"

Love Blooms

Don't be surprised to see a recruiting poster advertising: Travel, education, adventure and *ROMANCE* with the U. S. Marines.

Take the case of Corporal Floyd Simonis, a hashmark Marine of Milwaukee, Wis. Travel: He boarded a transcontinental train in San Francisco and sat down beside a young lady. Education: He learned that she was Mary Ellen Taunt of Flint, Mich. Adventure: * * *, and Romance: By the time the train pulled in to Omaha, Neb., the corporal and the lady had decided to get married. They did—in Council Bluffs, Iowa.

If that's not a fair example of romance in the Marine Corps, consider the O'Rourke-Murphy All-Marine courtship at Headquarters. Travel: Corporal O'Rourke walked several hundred miles between his desk in G-2 and a water fountain from which he could obtain an excellent view of Staff Sergeant Alice Murphy, Plans and Policies Division. Just the look of Sgt. Murphy was an education to O'Rourke. He drank enough water to support an amphibious operation, grinning moistly at Sgt. Murphy all the while. At last one of his buddies took pity on the water-logged O'Rourke and introduced him to Murphy. O'Rourke refuses to discuss the adventurous side of Marine life, but the romance led to the altar, and the O'Rourke-Murphy wedding, so far as we know, is the first marriage between regular Marines. Staff Sergeant Mrs. O'Rourke promised to love, honor, and not to pull rank on her corporal who is an expert rifle and pistol shot.

Confession

The boot squad leader listened with his mouth hanging open as his Drill Instructor, 2nd Battalion, Parris Island, squared him away. "Lad," mentioned the DI kindly, "If all the fouled up squads in the Marine Corps had a contest, your knotheads would win the booby prize."

"Y-yessir."

"Give 'em the word," snapped the DI patiently. "Teach 'em. Instruct 'em. Now MOVE!"

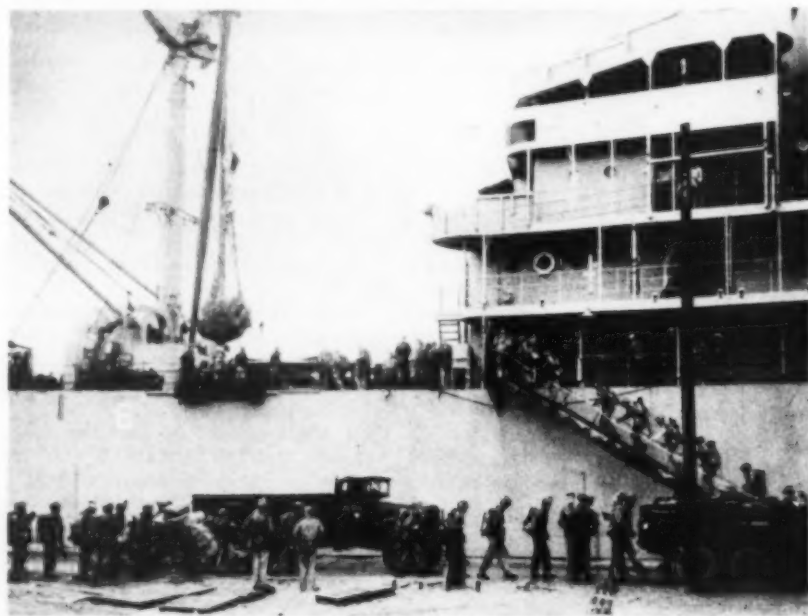
A few days later the squad leader, an expression of utter despair on his homely face, reported to the DI.

"It's no use, sir," he confessed sadly. "Ah done taught 'em all ah know—an' they don't know nothin'!"

—P.I. Boot
END



FAST TRACK—Corporal F. Simonis met Mary E. Taunt on a transcontinental train. Feb. 14th. Good trip; hard fall; and marriage after a four day rail romance



READY TO SHOVE—Second Division Marines from Camp Lejeune board transports at Morehead City, N.C., for a Caribbean cruise and two weeks of maneuvers

LEATHERNECK

HONOR ROLL



LEATHERNECK is the Marines' magazine. It is published by Marines, about Marines, and for Marines. Only through the loyal support of the Marine Corps and the Marine Corps Reserve can the *Leatherneck* continue to maintain the high standards and worthy purposes for which it is designed.

Leatherneck Honor Roll will publish the names of FMF units, Organized Reserve units, Post and Station Detachments and sea detachments whose support of the *Leatherneck*, through individual subscription, is outstanding.

Quotas will be set for all units, based upon their strength. Credit will be given for current subscriptions. Any unit reaching its quota will receive a framed and inscribed "Honor Roll" photograph of Marines in action, suitable for hanging in its office or recreation room.

If any unit exceeds its quota and signs up over 50 per cent of its members as *Leatherneck* subscribers, the *Leatherneck* will treat that unit to a beer party!

I enclose cash ☐, check ☐, money order ☐

Bill me ☐ for:

(circle one)

4 Yrs.
\$7.50

3 Yrs.
\$6.00

2 Yrs.
\$4.50

1 Yr.
\$2.50

Full Name _____

Address _____

Clip and mail to *THE LEATHERNECK*
P.O. Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C.

**SUPPORT YOUR LEATHERNECK
SUBSCRIBE NOW!**

by Major Carl Hoffman,
USMC



There's one in



Ski's Eightball

"Cooperation is based on team spirit and entails the coordination of all units so as to achieve the maximum combined effort from the whole. Above all, good will and the desire to cooperate are essential at all levels."

**CANADIAN ARMY JOURNAL
DECEMBER, 1947**

IF the old Marine saying: "There's always one . . . who doesn't get the word" is overworked, it's because these individuals always seem to be in evidence—and evidence can't be disputed. Ski attributed it to the law of averages—and accepted it. He had a man in his platoon with an unusual talent for getting "fouled up" that would have made him an outstanding clown, even in a platoon of boots on their second day at P. I. If he arrived anyplace on time, he was in the wrong uniform—if he arrived in the right uniform . . . well, you get the idea.

Filbert was a real "8-ball," the type you'd like to transfer ELSEWHERE. But, the Old Man had a policy about that sort of thing. "If you get a man,"

he would say in his most sanctimonious manner, "that doesn't look, act, or speak like a Marine—make him one anyway!" (The last four words spoken with an icy calm, yet with the acidity of a green lemon.)

So, there it was. All Ski had to do was replace Filbert's brains, personality and appearance, and turn him into a Marine. Ski had experimented with gruffness, then kindness, and had returned to gruffness again. Since the unhappy day three months to the rear, when Filbert had joined the platoon Ski had tried beating Filbert with his brains—but Filbert was Filbert, and that was that. During these trying three months he had been assigned almost every possible bad detail in valiant hopes that eventually he would catch on. But he didn't.

Like the day that the platoon embarked aboard ship for this operation—who would march aboard ship in tennis shoes? Right! And who, after being assigned a bunk in Hold #2, would decide to move in with the Navy chief petty officers because they had more room? Right again! And on D-day,

who had stormed ashore with his gas mask carrier full of pogy-bait? Uh, huh, Filbert.

Since the landing, Ski had seen little of his problem child. Everyone was in the same predicament, and Filbert seemed to know when to duck as well as the next guy. This was F's first campaign and maybe it would straighten him out. Ski hoped so.

As the platoon dug in for the night, Ski was moving from foxhole to foxhole—checking fields of fire and talking to the men—when he came upon one Marine who was fairly flailing the soil in his efforts to get a deep foxhole. The laborer glanced up from his chore—Filbert. Ski thought to himself: "At last we've found his hidden talent." Stiffing a desire to make a sarcastic comment, Ski moved along until he reached his own foxhole.

"Chicken," the platoon runner, was squatted frog-fashion beside his pack, digging a battered, and slightly questionable looking spoon into a can of cold rations. "Meat and beans—mmm," said Chicken.

"Meat and beans—phooey," said Ski.

TURN PAGE

every outfit, but sometimes they can be forgiven



Ski assembled his squad leaders to explain the mission

"Did you tell the squad leaders to meet me here at 1800?"

"Yeah, they'll be here. How did the lines look?"

"O.K. Everybody seemed to be well dug in—especially Filbert. I wonder if that guy will ever do anyone any good?"

THE squad leaders were assembled—Louie, Braydon and Gus—good Marines all. Ski wondered how he could get along without them. There was never a question of doing their jobs, never a fault to find relative to cooperation. That matter of cooperation can be mighty important Ski had found. You can order a Marine to do something and if he is sufficiently indoctrinated, (and not a Filbert) he'll do it. But there are two ways of doing a job: Unwillingly, (in other words, just going through the motions) or willingly (in which case the job gets done well and with a minimum of time and supervision). Ski felt that his squad leaders were as cooperative as any he had ever seen. After offering cigarets to all (a jef-propelled wave around the circle so that no one would have time to accept) Ski asked:

"Have all of you resupplied your squads with ammunition?"

Louie and Gus nodded affirmatively; Braydon said, "We're all set on everything except hand grenades and we didn't get as many of those as we need."

"Oh, yes. I forgot to tell you about that. Battalion is short of grenades just now and will supply us with them just as soon they come in. The reason I called you together," Ski continued, "is to make sure that everybody is familiar with our mission. As the support platoon, we are dug in here on

this high ground—approximately 300 yards behind the front line platoons. In case the enemy tries an attack tonight, we'll hold our positions and only commence firing if the front lines are penetrated. From here, we could give the enemy plenty of trouble in case either, or both, of the front line platoons get pushed back.

"Remember that we'll hold our positions until we get orders to counter-attack. Nine times out of ten, a support platoon can do more damage by staying in its prepared positions than by launching a half-baked counter-attack. Ordinarily, if the enemy is strong enough to come through the front lines, it'll take more than one platoon to beat them off.

"On the other hand a situation sometimes comes up when a local, timely counterattack, even by a unit as small as ours, can be successful. For example, say the 3d Platoon had been holding the enemy pretty well for some time, inflicting heavy casualties all the while. But finally, the enemy—because of superior supporting fire—is able to push them back. At that exact moment, while the enemy is trying to reorganize and get themselves squared away, a counterattack by our platoon might be practical.

"Of course, that's a decision for the company commander, and we'll hold here until we get the word to do something else. All of you should know the route in case we do counterattack. We'll move down the protected side of this knoll, depending on which platoon gets penetrated. From the looks of things, the 3d Platoon has the toughest terrain to defend because that point of the woods extends practically into their lines. So naturally, if we have to

counterattack the hill they occupy, we'll move up on the left of this knoll and hit the flank of the penetration. If the 1st Platoon gets pushed back, we'll go up the right side. If they both get pushed in, we're to hold our prepared positions and leave the counter-attacking to higher echelons.

"Are there any questions on this? . . . O.K., if there are none, that's all I have to say. But again, remember: no firing unless the enemy actually breaks through, and we won't counter-attack unless ordered. Be certain that all of your men are familiar with the routes of counterattack, so that in case we do have to execute one, we won't be slogging around in the dark. In no case will we hit the nose of the enemy penetration—that's where they are the strongest. By striking their flank we will have a better chance of dividing and destroying them."

As the squad leaders rose to return to their squads, Ski asked Louie, "How's Filbert getting along?"

Louie chuckled and said, "So far he's doing all right, Ski. Maybe he'll make Commandant after all."

INSOMNIA. Why, oh, why, when your legs ache from the effort of a day's work and your eyes smart from the strain of searching for an invisible enemy, do you lie awake? In Ski's case, a fairly plausible answer could be found in the fact that his foxhole was lumpy. (Anything he hated was a lumpy foxhole.) If you are lying on a rock, you can remove same, provided it is not permanently attached to its surroundings, and providing that its removal will not leave a yawning chasm instead. Chicken, also trying to adjust the contours of his carcass to

his foxhole, muttered: "Lovely accommodations you have here, Sergeant."

At midnight, a nervous report came from the platoon leader of the 3d Platoon to the company commander: "Someone or something just set off a trip flare in the woods about 300 yards to the front." No cause for excitement—perhaps an animal had stumbled into the trip flare—no reason to believe that it was the enemy.

Then 1230. Now we know it wasn't an animal—unless we broadly classify the enemy as such. Third Platoon under heavy attack by about a company of the enemy: 1st Platoon being attacked by only a small squad sized unit—more like a probing patrol. Can't tell much about the situation, but tracers are scampering across the sky like frightened lightning bugs—explosion after explosion shatters the night as the excitement mounts. Ski is proud of his platoon—no one has fired a round as yet. Some stray rounds start falling around Ski's platoon now and no one has to be urged to remain in his foxhole.

At 0100. Situation still obscure. Third platoon leader says enemy appears to have retired to the woods—probably will try again.

At 0145. Second attempt. The enemy's not fooling this time—artillery and mortar fire heavier than ever. Ski felt a trifle guilty when he thanked his lucky stars that his platoon wasn't taking that plastering. But the 3d Platoon was holding—or at least it appeared that they were.

At 0215. Company commander arrives at Ski's foxhole to talk over the situation. "What's the setup, Captain? Is the 3d holding?"

"Can't tell, Ski—haven't heard anything for about 15 minutes—and that's a hell of an eternity at a time like this. I'm afraid his radio isn't working."

A runner from the 3d Platoon arrives and breathlessly blurts out the news that the 3d is falling back about 75 yards—the enemy is too much for them—it keeps coming, in spite of the terrific casualties that it is suffering.

The captain looks at Ski with compressed lips: "That means that the enemy holds the hill, Ski—do you suppose we could see anything from the 1st Platoon positions?" Then, without waiting for an answer, he motions Ski to follow and trots off in the direction of the 1st Platoon. Getting there was no problem—the enemy was concentrating everything on the 3d Platoon as it retired to the slopes of the hill.

From the 1st Platoon position it was difficult to see very much, but suddenly a 60-mm. illuminating shell burst over the scene and the area was bathed in a clear, bright light. About 25 of the enemy could be seen bustling about

trying to get reorganized where the 3d Platoon had formerly been. Farther out, near the point of woods, several more of the enemy were moving toward the hill to reinforce those who were already there.

"This is it, Ski—counterattack—they are disorganized at present and they can be knocked off that hill if you get going fast. I'll get all the artillery support that I possibly can and we'll send the artillery forward observer along with you so that the fire can be ceased at the proper time. Any questions?"

"None, Captain."

Ski sprinted for his platoon position. Every moment counted now. Success depended upon launching the attack as fast as possible so that the enemy couldn't reorganize and reinforce itself. One look at their gasping platoon leader was enough to convince the 2d Platoon, K. Company, of the need for speed. The platoon loped off along the western slopes right at Ski's heels.

The captain had said that he'd get artillery fire—and he had. Ski guessed there must be at least three or four battalions blasting that hill. Sweet music. The enemy's artillery fire hadn't been so tuneful, but this was beautiful—rounds dove-tailing on rounds as the hill was blasted for the counterattack.

LESS than 20 minutes from the time the captain had issued his order, Ski's outfit was in position. "Cease the artillery fire," said Ski to the forward observer.

"Right," said the F. O., and then in his radio: "Cease fire."

The last rounds thundered down. Finale. It seemed a pity not to have an encore after such a fine performance, but there was work to be done.

Ski shouted. "Let's go!" His command had thrown the switch—the platoon was electrified into action. Ski's platoon rushed forward; a platoon of the enemy could be seen trotting from the woods in a race to reinforce the hill. This could make it tough.

"Get artillery on them," Ski shouted. "Wilco," said F. O.

Before the artillery began, however, a hail of machine gun fire from the hill opened on the advancing enemy troops, cutting them down like hay. It was plainly enemy machine gun fire—no one could mistake the distinctive sound. Had one of the enemy gone berserk? Had one of Ski's men taken over an enemy gun? No time to investigate—time only to be thankful. Now the artillery was also on the enemy reinforcements and they were stopped and blanketed.

Ski's platoon performed well. The enemy on the hill was annihilated, except for three who chose to surrender. Ski hastily organized a defense of the

hill. Elements of the 3d Platoon joined them. Time to report to the company commander: "Counterattack successful—have reestablished defense of hill—enemy appears to be leaving area."

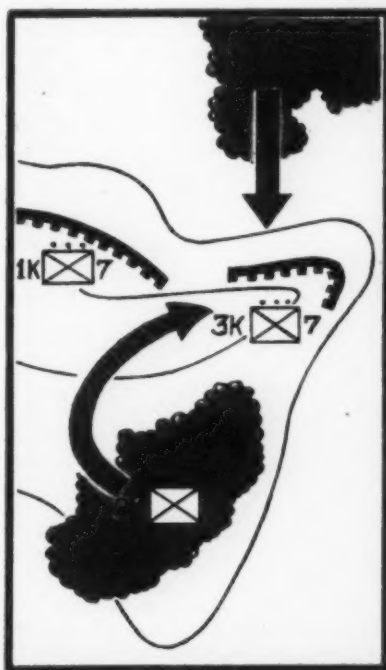
Time now to count noses and check positions. Ski moved down the line of his platoon, talking to the men and making certain that all had good fields of fire and that there were no gaps in the sectors of fire. Ski finally came to Louie's squad, where he found the answer to the enemy machine gun mystery. Louie was proudly gesticulating at Filbert, who was crouched behind the enemy gun with a grin on his face like a Cheshire cat. Filbert the hero! Ski could scarcely believe his eyes. This was too much. Piecing together the story, it was found that Filbert had noticed the enemy machine gun, slipped around behind the gunner, overpowered him, and turned the gun on the enemy reinforcements.

By the time the captain got to the Hill to look over the situation and talk to Ski, the word of Filbert's exploit had spread. Who's this guy Filbert who did such a fine job, Ski?"

"Well, captain," said Ski, smiling to himself, "It's a long story—but you might say that he's a Ski-trained man."

But the captain wanted more information—he wanted to talk to this Marine who had shown such obvious bravery and coolness under fire.

When the captain and Ski arrived at Filbert's foxhole, the hero was happily munching a bar of candy. After greetings were exchanged, Filbert, the host, said: "Care for a bar of pogy-bait, Captain?" **END**



by Arthur J. Burks

ROOT THE MAN HOME



A lovely brunette decorated the Haitian—that was the signal for the girls in the stands to go wild



The Licey team had scuttled

the Marines 15 times straight

The past years of experience had taught them to expect the drubbing they knew their team would take. They were suffering already. Joe Price undertook to answer the question.

"You're new, Jake," he said quietly. "You'll be lucky if you don't have to get behind the plate. Not, understand, that a catcher ever has much to do! Dominican batters do their best to see that the catcher never has to catch!"

"But, they would let a ball go past?" asked Jake, in no wise subdued.

"They don't know the difference, except when they're in the field," retorted Price. "They reach for anything they can touch with the end of the bat. The worst of it is they *hit* it! We're not too bad, you know, Jake, but this Licey team has taken the last 15 games, *straight*, from us, over a period of four years. They beat the Los Muchachos ten to two, and we haven't taken the Los Muchachos in years. And The Haitian . . . boy, when that gangling lump of coal uncoils his pitching arm . . . well, I guess maybe you'd better see for yourself! Here comes Mack."

Captain Mack, who managed the Marines, looked as glum as the glum-mest. This was the last game the Marines would, in all probability, play with any Dominican team. It was a bitter prospect, to lose a tough game when they were leaving the republic so soon—within days. It was, indeed, like going to an execution.

The truck pulled up and the men crawled aboard for the ride to Campo de Guerra, on the shore of the Caribbean, just northward of where the wreck of the U.S.S. *Memphis* rested on the rocks. The *Memphis* was offshore just behind center field. The Marines always dreaded playing at the Campo de Guerra. The *Memphis* was too much of a symbol of Uncle Sam's might—on the rocks!

The crowd in the grandstand was roaring wildly. The Marines knew that the Licey team was already on the field, and every man of them a national hero. The Dominican Republic had taken to baseball as Latins hadn't taken to bullfights. There was no bullfighting, football, basketball or auto racing in the republic, but Dominicans—men, women and children—gave their emotional hearts and their voluble cheering to baseball. When their favorites played they tore the stands down, almost literally.

Jake Levy grinned as the truck pulled through the gate onto the field. At the same time Marines came in through the small gates and climbed into their reserved section in the stands. The Dominicans went wild. Listening, Jake Levy wondered if every Dominican in the place hated every Marine with all his heart and soul.

Faces writhed with what appeared to be fury, as men and women screamed at the Marines, shook fists at them,

TWENTY gloomy Marines in baseball uniforms assembled before the Camp Cole Guard House. They talked like, acted like and felt like men about to be hanged. Their faces drooped, their steps dragged.

"I'd feel better," said the first baseman, Sergeant Joe Price, "if I were going out to be shot to death by musketry. That wouldn't last nine innings!"

"Listen to 'em!" said the short stop, Private Leahy. "They're packing Campo de Guerra already, and yelling for us to come and take our beating. I never felt quite so much like going over the hill."

"What's eating everybody?" asked the new catcher, Corporal Jake Levy. "What has this Licey team ever done to you, anyway?"

"Just like we told you, Jake," said Price. "We came down here years ago and taught the Dominicans how to play baseball. And since then, if we were lucky, or half the men on the team broke their legs, we've won one game out of 20. There's nothing like them anywhere."

"But since when have Marines quit before they even started?" persisted Levy.

A sudden silence fell on the team. Out of the various barracks strode men in khaki, pressed to cut butter, shoes shined like mirrors. They were attending the game as a matter of duty.



"I," said Pedro, "will bet you a month of your pay that I drop one on your warship out there!"



member of the Lacey team. "They behave," said Jake, "As if they had the game already won!"

Nobody answered. Jake Levy's face went grim. This sort of thing was new to him. Never in all his five years in the Marine Corps had he known Marines to be licked before they started.

There was some brief play on the sacks before the Marines took the field for a warm-up, and Jake Levy saw infielders make catches that would have taxed the skill of major leaguers. He had never seen such agile men. They couldn't drop a ball they could touch. They seemed to have eyes in the backs of their heads. When a ball was too high for them to catch they just went up into the air and met it anyway. They were, in a word, spectacular.

Not once, for even a second, had the stands laid off the Marines. Vituperation, invective, jeering, poured from all ages and both sexes. Dominicans walked among the Marines, waving money in their faces. White and strained the Marines took such bets as they could, regarding them as "donations." They knew as well as the Dominicans did that there were times when Los Muchachos and Lacey would have given major leaguers a trimming. And the United States hadn't even heard of these teams!

"Just remember one thing, fellows," said Capt. Mack as Lacey went back to the field to start the game, "we haven't lost until the last man is out. And if we lose, we lose exactly as we win fights or baseball games—like *Marines*. Bear that in mind, every last one of you. Don't let a hostile crowd root the other team home. It's a sweet thing, to beat a hostile crowd."

"We'll never know!" muttered someone.

There were grins on the faces of the Lacey players, and a sudden silence in the stands, when the first Marine came up. Jake Levy watched from the bench, studying the gangling pitcher. His arm curled like a snake coiling when he wound up. And no snake could have struck faster when he uncoiled, and the ball hit the catcher's mitt with terrific force. It wasn't orthodox, of course, but Lacey was drama-conscious. The catcher, careful however to hold the ball, went over backward, his feet in the air, as if The Haitian were just too hot to handle. The fans in the stands, bleachers, trees and surrounding buildings laughed and screamed.

The Marines moved to their own dugout, while Levy, something strange and stirring growing inside him, watched the colorful Dominicans. The stands were packed with some of the most beautiful women he had ever seen. They were decked with flowers and ornaments. They wore mantillas with high back combs. Their perfume seemed to float down and hang in the Marines' dugout.

The Haitian signaled that he had pitched enough. As he did so a small truck drove frantically through the gate, onto the field. Standing in it, held by two men, was a lovely brunette, dressed like something precious out of Old Castile. She must have been all of 19 years old. Levy sucked in his breath when he saw her, held it. How he would feel if she came to him as she now went to The Haitian!

"That girl won the Dominican prize for beauty, nation-wide, just three weeks ago," said Price. "This will show you what Dominicans think of The Haitian!"

The ebony, gangling man moved to the side of the truck which had stopped below the mound. The girl was helped out to stand before him.

"The two men are her brothers," said Price. "They never break conventions down here."

The girl placed a wreath of red roses on the head of The Haitian. Then she draped a blue and gold bandanna around his neck. Then the truck, into which she was again lifted, did short circles around the mound and bore her away again.

That was the signal for the girls in the stands to go wild. They swarmed onto the field and "decorated" every

shouted in Spanish.

"Si, Marines! Good for you this is last game! We send you back where you came from with your tails between legs. You won't even get man on first!"

Price looked at Levy.

"They don't like us much, do they?" said Levy.

"Figure it out for yourself. They do like baseball, and they want their team to win. You've no idea how they want it to win! Now, watch The Haitian deliver."

As Jake Levy, broad, powerful, mighty as a catcher should be, jumped from the back of the truck he saw the middle-sized ebony man on the mound. His eyes were as bright as marbles. Jake had never seen such a delivery. The man appeared to be utterly indifferent—utterly lazy. He walked as if he were double-jointed, about to fall apart. But when he took the ball in his right hand, wound up, the pitching arm was no longer an arm but a length of tough rubber hose, limp-seeming as a dishrag. But when the ball left his hand you couldn't see it. When it hit the catcher's mitt the sound was like a rifle shot.

"Notice, the catcher doesn't move to catch it," said Price. "He just holds the mitt where he wants the ball to hit. That pitcher can throw a ball through a knothole at 70 yards!"

"Strrrrike one!" it was one of the ironies of these games that the umpire was a Marine. But the Dominicans always insisted on a Marine umpire, and never questioned his decisions.

The ball went soaring back to the pitcher. A split second later it spat the glove again.

"Strrrrike two!"

The batter's face was pale, determined.

The Haitian wound up easily, as if he were pitching to a small boy, and lobbed one over. All the fury of a man baited was in the arms and body of the batter when he offered at it—and connected! Straight, true, bullet-swift, the ball sped directly toward the far *Memphis* wreck. The centerfielder was going back and back.

"A homer, sure as shootin'!" said Levy.

"Yeah?" said Price. "Keep your eye on that centerfielder."

The ball hovered on the edge of the abyss, headed for the white water which broke between the shore and the wreck of the battleship—and the centerfielder rose for it, almost leisurely, his gloved hand going up and up. The ball hit the glove as if the batter had aimed at it and scored a bull's eye. The fielder came down with the ball.

"Yes, but if we had a man on third now. . . ." began Levy.

"So? Watch this show-off peg!"

The fielder's feet touched the ground and the ball started home. It touched the ground ahead of and a little to the left of the plate. It smacked into the catcher's glove.

"See what I mean?" said Price. "Every player on the team can peg perfectly to the plate. They've practiced it for years. They've practiced *everything* for years.

The Haitian retired the side on nine pitched balls.

"Sometimes," said Price gloomily, "he needs 10 or 11!"

"Levy!" snapped Mack. "Go in there! You're the only one who isn't beaten already—including me! Talk your head off, use everything you've got."

Levy glanced quickly at Pete Hogan, the regular catcher. Hogan grinned.

"Now I know what a reprieve feels like!" he said. "I hope you can stick for nine innings."

Elmer Ess, the pitcher, tall and straight, a better than

average pitcher on his own, had given Levy all he knew about the Licey players. All of them, he said, could hit anything, anywhere, at any time. It wasn't possible to fool one of them. They had eyes like eagles.

So, thought Levy, they'll offer at anything! He signaled for a curve ball, high and close. Elmer Ess shook his head. This batter, This Pedro Morales, could hit anything. Levy insisted on the fast-breaking curve.

Pedro Morales hit the dirt. Levy shook the ball at him, laughed at the fury in the man's face.

"Baaaall one!" shrieked the umpire.

Levy signaled for exactly the same ball. Morales ducked but did not go down this time.

"Baaaall two!"

As he returned the ball Levy called out in Spanish, on a wild hunch.

"Give it to him in the same place, he's afraid!"

But Levy signalled for one in the same groove, and the umpire shrieked:

"Strrrrike one!"

"Same place!" called Levy, not even loud enough for Elmer Ess to hear. After all, it was intended for Morales. Elmer Ess didn't understand the simplest Spanish. "Let him hit it!"

But Levy signalled for the high, fast breaking curve, close to the batter's head. Morales, cursing, stepped back and swung, fouling into the dirt just back of the plate.

"Strrrrike two!"

"Now, Pedro," said Levy, "where would you like the next one? You tell the pitcher! You can't hit it anyway!"

"Anywhere within reach!" raged Morales.

With a prayer to all the gods of baseball, Levy signalled for a knuckle-ball . . . and Morales was on second base by the time the ball

came to rest in the right fielder's glove.

The first half of the inning ended with the score three to nothing in favor of Licey, and the stands going wild. As Licey darted onto the field a beautiful sedan drove onto the field, in and around the bases, circled the players.

"That'll be a gift to The Haitian when the game's over," said Price. "Well, they've only got three. Now, let's do all we've got, if it breaks all our guts apart."

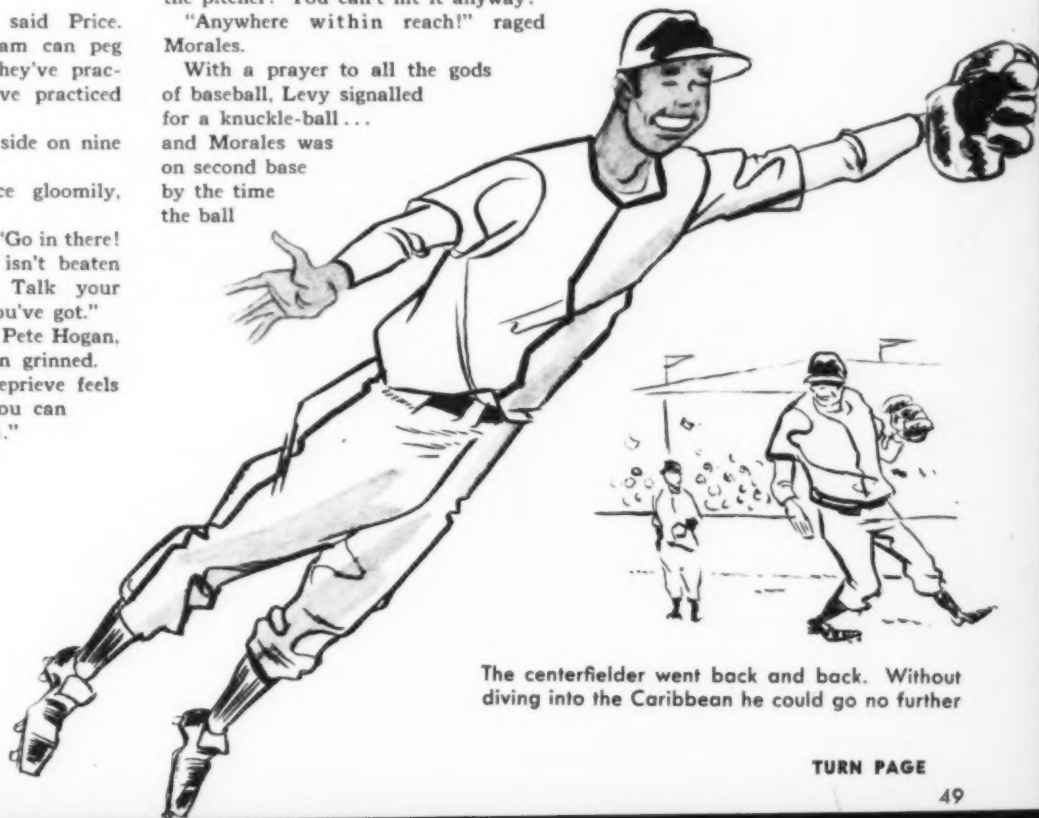
"Hit hard at everything!" said Mack. "The Haitian never throws a ball! Pick off the first pitch!"

Joe Price was probably the most surprised man about as he singled past third his hands numb and burning as the bat smacked The Haitian's first offering. Nobody, as far as Price could remember, had ever before caught the third sacker napping.

"Talk it up!" urged Levy. "Razz the third sacker! Why doesn't Price take a lead?"

"Watch, and see why!" said Mack—as The Haitian, when Price ventured off all of four feet, almost caught him flat-footed with a lightning peg to first.

The next man up—it *had* to be accident, or because of the razzing the Marines gave the third sacker—shot another one between the third baseman and the sack. There were two on, none down—and for many seconds the Licey team concentrated on the bases, trying to



The centerfielder went back and back. Without diving into the Caribbean he could go no further

pull a double play. The Haitian even dished up his first ball, to give the catcher a chance to catch one runner or the other. Nobody, Levy had been told, tried to steal second on Matthias Maria, the Licey catcher, no matter what the general situation was. He was as dead as The Haitian.

The third Marine up fouled two over the stands. Then he flied into deep left. Mack signalled for both runners to advance, after the catch—and Price died sliding into third! Morgan, however, was on second. Two down, a man on second.

Something most unusual happened as Marines poured onto the field from the stands. Four of them carried mantillas and high combs they had somehow procured from the women in the stands, or had brought with them. The Marines dashed onto the field. Of course it wasn't orthodox, and the Dominicans screamed their ire; they did it, but it was their country! The homeliest Marine of all, while the Marine team laughed and applauded, decorated The Haitian with a back comb and mantilla! If only they could get his goat! But The Haitian showed his teeth in a wide grin of delight!

"For the love of Pete!" said Levy. "The Haitian thinks we're leveling!"

Still, next moment, he wasn't so sure, for The Haitian threw two balls—and only the stands screamed to kill the umpire for calling them straight.

Then the batter drove a sizzler between second and short; it got through only because both men got their hands on it, and both men lost it. Two down, a man on third, a man on second. Ever so little the Marines had disturbed the equilibrium of the Dominicans. Now the Marines, like the Dominicans, were praying to the baseball gods. Which group of enthusiasts would they answer?

The baseball gods obliged with a miracle for the next Marine up, who dropped a homer into the sea which cleared the bases. The Marines in the stands were hopeful at last, ventured to jeer a little at their sports enemies—in whose houses, between games, most of them were welcomed guests.

The Haitian retired the side with three smoking pitches down the groove. There was no smile on his face now, nor would there be while the game was in any doubt whatsoever. He was, Levy knew, giving an unbelievable performance.

"All I can say," said Mack, "is fight!"

From that moment on something happened to the Marines. They began to believe that Licey, once scored

against, could be scored against again. In the infield the Marines, to the last man, overplayed themselves. They accepted chances and handled them with big league certainty. They built up a tension in themselves that every last man felt. Something would have to break, soon.

The stands were yelling themselves hoarse, as inning after inning passed, and neither side scored. Four innings passed, then five, then six—while Dominicans and Marines alike reached higher than any ever had before, for line drives—and pulled them down. Marines ran as wild on bases as did the Dominican players. Both teams insulted one another with what appeared to be increasing bitterness. For seven innings the Marines played far over their own heads, until it seemed there was nothing they could not do—except score!

Then, in the first of the ninth, the break came. Maybe The Haitian slipped, for the first Marine up got a nibble and beat the third sacker's throw to first. Jake Levy advanced to the plate. So far in the game he hadn't even fouled one off the tip of his bat. You couldn't see whether The Haitian burned them in straight or with a hop. They came just too fast to make sure. Often you swung a split second after the ball hit the

catcher's glove with that resounding drum-beat which the Marines found so disheartening.

"Come on Jake!" pleaded the Marines from the stands. "Come on, fella! Just do anything, so everybody can relax!"

Jake offered at the first two, only to hear them make that dismal drum-beat sound in the catcher's glove.

He swung as The Haitian's arm came down. Once in the game, at least, he told himself grimly, he would offer in time.

Bat met ball! The feeling was utterly, completely satisfying. A groan of horror rose from the stands. Then another sound came, as Levy turned on first, heading for second—the mad screaming of all Marines who watched that ball, still rising, pass far above the head of the right fielder, who flung his glove up at it as a gesture of resignation to the inevitable.

Levy crossed the plate on Price's heels. The Marines led, five to three. Levy looked up at the stands. Did the Dominicans, with only three batters between themselves and Licey's first defeat at the hands of the Marines in years, take that defeat for granted? Not at all! To hear their sudden yells of encouragement to their players was to hear the very beginning of the game again, when (continued on page 58)

The words on the silver trophy were in English: "For our beloved Marines. They is sportsmans!"



Old Gold cures just one thing: The World's Best Tobacco!

If you're really sick, friend, all we can give you is sympathy. We're tobacco men, not medicine men. But if you've got an acute desire for a smooth, mellow-mild cigarette... light an Old Gold. If you're pining for real smoking pleasure... light an Old Gold. Good? Nearly 200 years of know-how makes Old Gold very good indeed!

For a Treat instead of a Treatment...
treat yourself to **OLD GOLDS**



KNOW YOUR LEADERS



by Sgt. Harry Polete

Leatherneck Staff Writer

Major General Alfred H. Noble

THE Commanding General of the Marine Corps Recruit Depot at Parris Island, S. C., Major General Alfred H. Noble, was born at Federalsburg, Md., on October 26, 1894. After graduation from St. John's College at Annapolis, Md., he reported for active duty with the Marine Corps as a second lieutenant on May 24, 1917. On his 23rd birthday he was on his way to France to fight in the first World War with the Sixth Marine Regiment.

As company commander he participated in the engagements at Chateau Thierry, Soissons, the St. Mihiel offensive, Champagne, and Argonne Forest—winning the Navy Cross for gallantry in action at Belleau Wood. The citation which accompanied this award read:

"He was conspicuous for his judgment and personal courage in handling his company in attacks against superior numbers in strongly fortified machine gun positions. His fortitude and initiative enabled his command each time to achieve success."

Upon his return to the United States in 1919, after having served in the army

of occupation in Germany, he was sent to the Marine Barracks, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands where he served for two years. For the next 20 years his duties as a Marine officer included sea duty, time spent at schools and several tours of foreign service.

In May, 1941, he was assigned to Headquarters, Marine Corps. When war was declared the following December he was Director of Plans and Policies, a position he held until September, 1942, when he was ordered to the Pacific as Chief of Staff in the Third Marine Division. Later he was transferred to the First Marine Amphibious Corps in time to participate in Empress Augusta Bay, Treasury Island and Choiseul Island campaigns as Chief of Staff and Deputy Commander.

Again he went back to the Third Marine Division as Assistant Division Commander and participated in the invasion and recapture of Guam. He was awarded a Gold Star in lieu of a second Legion of Merit, having received the first one at Bougainville. In November, 1944, Gen. Noble was ordered back to the United States to assume an important post—leadership of the Marine

Training Command at Camp Lejeune.

In February, 1946, he was Commanding General of the Marine Garrison Forces, 14th Naval District. Later in the year he joined the First Marine Division in Tientsin, China, as Assistant Division Commander. After his return from the First Division, Gen. Noble became commanding general of the Troop Training Unit, Training Command, Amphibious Forces, Pacific Fleet, a position he held for several months prior to his present assignment at Parris Island.

The general's decorations and medals include, the Navy Cross, Distinguished Service Cross, Legion of Merit with Gold Star, Silver Star with Oak Leaf Cluster, Croix de Guerre with silver star and Diploma, Victory Medal with Aisne, Aisne-Marne, Meuse Argonne and Defensive Sector clasps, Second Nicaraguan Campaign Medal, American Defense Medal, American Campaign Medal, Asiatic-Pacific Campaign Medal, World War II Victory Medal, Haitian Diploma of Honor and Merit, rank of "officer" and Commander in the Order of the Orange of Nassau, with crossed swords.

END

A MAN AND A HORSE

[continued from page 25]

a five day suspension for beating the starter, crowded the barrier for another flying start. Ornament and Challenger, notorious as bad post actors, played their parts well. Rhodesia, the filly, took it up and started Newsgatherer. Twenty-two minutes of bucking, mad scrambles and false starts, and they were off. The start was good. Ten horses away winging, fighting for position, pouring to the rail Ogden broke on top and Tuberville following instructions stayed away from the rail. Bunched inside him were Ornament, Box, Panmure and Rhodesia. At the quarter it was Ogden by a half, Rhodesia at his girth with Simms at work on her. Rodermond made his move and with him came Ornament and Sloan. Into the turn they came with Tuberville, still racing wide, feeling the others creep up on him.

The pace had been killing. Not a step of the way could the colt let down for a breather. Box and the filly Rhodesia had tiptoed him the first furlong. Panmure had come to force Rhodesia, and the Keene filly in turn pushed the colt. When these two eased off the pace, Rodermond came driving, and when he faded Ornament came with a rush. For four and a half furlongs Ogden had held them off, still running wide.

A cry from the crowd! Ornament was charging into contention. Sloan slipped through on the inside of Rhodesia. On he came with a rush. Rhodesia hung and dropped back, and Rodermond came again. Sloan, hugging the rail and saving ground, carried his rush to Ogden's flank, to his girth, to the throat latch.

From 18,000 throats came the roar, "Ornament!"

Tuberville, hand riding, shook Ogden up, chirped to him and waved the bat over his right eye, and asked the question so seldom answered. Could he run when the going was tough? Would he run when he was tired?

Ogden responded. With ears pricking, he floated home . . . over a million dollars hanging on his nose.

Marcus Daly roared with the crowd as Ogden stepped into the winner's circle. To the crowd the impossible had happened. A horse from the sagebrush country had whipped the blue grass feeders. Ogden was home, every post a winning one.

The dumbfounded judges posted the numbers. There it was in black and white: The Futurity won by Ogden. Distance: Five and three-quarter furlongs. Time: One-ten. Date: August 15, 1896.

END

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 5]

BUM RIBBON DOPE

Sir:

An argument has developed between a buddy of mine and myself over the qualifications for the American Area Campaign Medal. He contends that a person who spent 30 days in an American possession (i.e., Pearl Harbor, August, '45 to January, '49) and prior to March, '46, rates this medal.

My contention is that you either had to have a year in the States, prior to March, '46, or 30 days outside the continental limits of the U. S. A., in an area not covered by another area ribbon. Who is correct?

Sgt. Howard W. Crowell
Camp Lejeune, N. C.

● No two ribbons are awarded for the same area, and since Hawaii was listed as being in the Asiatic-Pacific area, an individual could not earn the American Area Campaign Medal at Pearl Harbor, regardless of when he served there. Alnav #108, dated March 4, 1946, gives the terminal date for eligibility to earn American Area Medal as March 2, 1946. Otherwise you are correct and your buddy is wrong.—Ed.



SOLDIERS, NOT MARINES

Sir:

Your article on "El Toro Firemen" in the February issue of *Leatherneck* needs correcting in one point. Under the picture labeled "Advance" you say, quote: "The El Toro Marines advance," unquote. I would like to remind you that they (the men in this picture) aren't Marines, they are soldiers, and didn't take as active a part in the fire fighting as did the Marines. In fact, of all the times I went up there, they were there only once.

The Marines didn't wear helmets and I remember when the picture was taken, as I was also there fighting the fire.

William A. Smith, USMC
El Toro, Calif.

● Thank you for calling our attention to this error. The picture caption, obtained from a national newspaper service, said that the men were Marines. Using this information, we also called them Marines.—Ed.

NOW—
Brighter Shines
WITH
1/2 THE RUBBING



*Because it Recolors and
Polishes at the Same Time*

- Gives those grand "Parade Shines" that last and last.
- Helps keep shoes softer and more comfortable.
- The servicemen's top favorite!

KIWI
(KEE-WEE)
SHOE POLISH

**Leatherneck
Stationery**

Cleverly designed letterheads and envelopes for Marines. Eight different letterhead designs in each box with illustrations of Marines and curvaceous gals on 40 sheets. Also 24 designed envelopes. Send Only \$1 per box. We pay postage anywhere.

**MONEY BACK IF NOT
MORE THAN SATISFIED**

SPARLAND STATIONERY
DEPT. M, 603 FLYNN BUILDING
DES MOINES, IOWA



THE LEATHERNECK
P. O. Box 1918
Washington 13, D. C.

Yes, I want to get my *Leatherneck* every month! Enter my subscription today for one full year.

- ☐ I enclose \$2.50.
☐ Bill me later.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

(outfit or street)

(city and state or station)

TURN PAGE

FORT MIFFLIN

[continued from page 31]

Marines are plenty tough, you got to be real men to get in."

The retort, "Man! we are Marines!" ended that discussion.

Pride in their outfit was brought to a visible peak on November 10th, 1948, when the Marines of Fort Mifflin celebrated the Marine Corps Anniversary. Through the initiative of Capt. Robertson and First Sgt. Moore, with full co-operation of the entire command, a grand ball was held with open house on the post.

Open house at the barracks during the day was attended by over 500 guests who were met at the main gate by guides who took them on a tour of the barracks and auditorium. In the auditorium they saw weapons displays and demonstrations which varied from .45 caliber pistols to 81-mm. mortars. They were taken on a tour of offices of the barracks and the operations of the guard were explained. In the barracks, layouts of clothing and equipment were displayed on the bunks and men were dressed in the various uniforms from dungarees to dress blues.

Refreshments were served in the mess hall where a birthday cake was cut by the commanding officer. A capella choir sang and Hobson Reynolds, magistrate of the Philadelphia Courts was the principal speaker. The evening was given over to dancing at a downtown hall. All the Marines wore blues.



The good will of Philadelphia civic leaders and law enforcement agencies has been won by the Marines and there is close cooperation on all matters. The Marines are eager to take part in all public functions where their presence is requested.

Married men of the command find it most difficult because of the poor housing; many of them travel across the city daily to reach their families.

However, most Marines at Mifflin consider it "good duty." **END**

SOUND OFF (cont.)

BLUE BELT CRITIC

Sir:

Bulletin Board in the January issue states "the dress white belt will be worn, in the future, only for occasions of duty or special ceremonies, etc." I would like to know if Stateside Marines who are required to wear the dress blue uniform on liberty will be issued tambourines before leaving their stations, inasmuch as the purpose of this regulation seems to be to cause the Marines by reason of his uniform to assume the logical position of stand-in for a member of the Salvation Army.

Cpl. Donald E. Pyle

Guam, M. I.

● *Most Marines consider it a break to be able to wear the blue belt instead of the easily soiled white one, and think it looks just as good. A few years back, before the war, the fair leather belt was worn with the blue cap in winter climates, and certainly the present blue belt is a great improvement. With the proper amount of attention to the neatness and fit of the uniform there seems to be no need for tambourines.—Ed.*

JAP WEAPONS

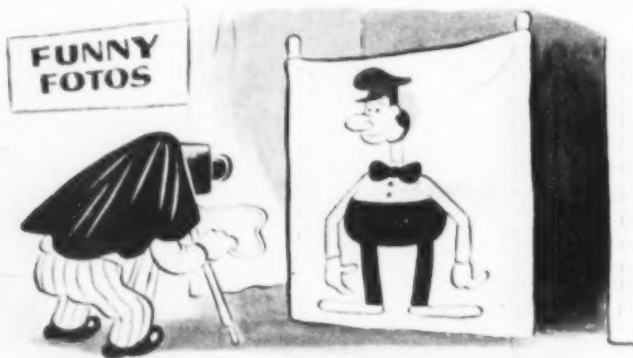
Sir:

A friendly, although sometimes heated, argument has developed around the rate of fire, weight, length, magazine capacity and caliber of the following weapons: Japanese Light Machine Gun (1936-39), Arisaka, Model 38 (I think that is the model) and the Nambu 8-mm. (1914) automatic pistol. Can you list the desired information about each of these weapons?

Joe Piazzetti

Chicago, Ill.

● *Here is the dope as we have it. JAPANESE LIGHT MACHINE GUN—cyclic rate of fire, about 600 rounds per minute for the 6.5-mm. models and about 850 for the 7.7-mm. models; weight: 6.5-mm. gun, 18½ pounds; 7.7-mm. gun, 22 pounds (less magazines); length: overall, about 42 inches; magazine capacity: (arc shaped magazine sits on top of receiver) 30 rounds. ARISAKA RIFLE (M38)—cyclic rate of fire, as fast as soldier can work bolt; weight: 8 lbs., 12 oz., bayonet weighs one pound more; length: 4 ft., 3 in., (1 ft., 2½ in. longer with bayonet); magazine capacity: 5 shot clips; caliber: earlier models were 6.5-mm., but the newer models were 7.7-mm. (.303 caliber). NAMBU PISTOL—rate of fire: no information, but it has a muzzle velocity of about 860 feet per second; weight: about 30 ounces; length: about 9 inches (4½ inch barrel); magazine capacity: 7 cartridges; caliber: 8-mm.—Ed.*



ue
n,
ty
I
es
ue
r-
ch
to
is
of
on

**IN MY PIPE IT HAS
TO BE GRANGER...**

k
d
d
w
ir
te
y
e-
t-
ne
d

MILD and COOL

Wayne Morris

STARRING IN
"THE YOUNGER BROTHERS"
A WARNER BROS. PICTURE



GRANGER
MILD COOL PIPE TOBACCO

NO. 1 FAN

[continued from page 35]

tossed out of the park. He refused, stating that he had paid his way into the park and had a right to cheer or jeer if he so desired. "Besides," he went on, "the radio listeners don't pay for the privilege of listening to the game—if they don't like it, let 'em tune it out." The owners then dangled a season pass in front of him . . . in return for silence. Boiling mad by this time, Mac told them to take it and . . .

He sought legal advice because of this flagrant attempt of infringe on his "Freedom of Screech," and was informed by his lawyers that as long as he didn't resort to obscenities or derogatory remarks they wouldn't be able to throw him out of the ball park without letting themselves open for legal difficulties. Mac continued to buy his way in and yell his head off.

When the Pirates were out of town, the neighboring Penn State and Middle Atlantic Leagues were glad to have him in their parks, so glad were they, in fact, that they issued him passes.

Some of the leading sports columnists featured him in their daily stints. Jimmy Powers and Chilly Doyle are two who regularly have paid him tribute. In 1943 Stanley Frank, writer for one of the country's leading weekly publications, decided that baseball's fans hadn't received their just due. He proceeded to write a story concerning the most prominent rooters scattered throughout the country. It was called "Fan, as in Fanatic," an appropriate title. Bruce McAlister, like the late lamented Abou Ben Adhem, led all the rest. By the time the article appeared, however, Mac was back in the Corps, having drawn his new Marine dungarees early in 1942, and wasn't available to take a bow.

When the visiting teams straggled into Pittsburgh that year, steeled for the usual blasts from the vicinity of third base, they were greeted instead by what amounted to absolute silence. Inquiries told them that Mac was off to the wars, that he was back in the Marine Corps. They didn't know whether they were glad or not; that noise had become part of Forbes Field, part of playing in Pittsburgh . . . damn, but it was quiet!

The major leaguers who went off to the wars didn't miss him; they had to put up with him. Whenever a game was being played, in Pearl Harbor or when they happened to be giving exhibitions further out on some of the smaller islands, somehow or other Mac

would manage to show up for most of them.

Just when the pitcher was "arearin'" back to cut loose with his high hard one, the booming whoop would rise up from behind third, and the hurler could be heard to mutter, "Oh no, not out here!"

In one game, a Seabee team was playing the Third Divvy All-stars and "Pee-wee" Reese, famed Brooklyn shortstop, was coaching the Marines. Just as the game got underway up popped Mac's screech. Reese came bounding off the bench yelling, "I'd recognize that yell anywhere, he used to murder us when we came to Pittsburgh. That was only his number one screech . . . thank goodness, that means he's on our side. If you really want to hear something, wait 'til he climbs aboard those Seabees." (Ed. note: The Seabees lost.)

McAlister is going to stay in the Corps. Says he's seen the light at last. While stationed at Quantico he has adopted the Washington Senators and can be heard regularly at his post back of the home team dugout at Griffith Stadium. Most American leaguers last year agreed that Mac was the Senator's only formidable weapon.

His scrap-books show that he has been feted in every major league ball park and most of the mid-west and eastern top minor league stadia. There is evidence also that a few of the minor league outfits even paid his expenses to come and pep up the home team . . . or wreak havoc on the opposition during a Sunday double-header.

There is also a pleasant letter from the late Judge Landis, former baseball commissioner, advising him on the extent he could go with his whoops.

He likes his baseball in the flesh—no television for him. The tavern owners in the District are mighty happy about this, too. One evening last year, Mac, hearing that a scheduled game had been postponed because of threatening weather, wandered into one of the better Bistros along Fourteenth Street. Seeing the game on the television screen he was so jubilant he unconsciously cut loose with number 1. The customers vacated the joint in about three seconds, dashing up the thoroughfare yelling, "Air-raid." Mac, himself, barely cleared the door when the bung-starter whizzed by his head.

The writer, never one to put too much stock in newspaper clippings, naively asked for an audition of his number one blast. It was something that belongs out of this world; the blast at Hiroshima was hang-fire compared to it. Then, ever the Patsy, he foolishly requested the number two job, designed primarily for the opposition. Believe me Mates, it shouldn't happen to the police sergeant! **END**

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 54]

"DEAR JOHN" CLUB

Sirs:

Last night a group of us were batting the breeze at the slop chute and decided to write to *Leatherneck* for advice and help on a problem. WVTG, the Armed Forces Radio Station of Guam, had a good program that was petitioned by dependents because it "lowered American women's reputations." So, the program was secured. This happened sometime around January or February, 1948.

The program was called "The Dear John Club" and was on the air every Saturday night from 1930 to 2000. When a man received a letter from his fiancée, or sweetheart telling him the whole thing was off, he would send it to the Dear John Club and they would read it over the air. We got a big kick out of some of the letters.

Then the dependents spoiled it all by having the program put off the air. That was a low blow to the morale of the troops. Guam isn't the best duty station and we were sent here, willingly or not. We peons can't bring our wives over here, so we have to find our morale wherever it is.

After all the AFRS is for us, since we outnumber the dependents, and we want the program back on the air. Most of the men here now were not here then and know nothing about the program. If they read this and get together and write the radio station maybe we can get our program back . . . Our hands are tied unless we get some help, so how about printing this for the boys overseas?

Corp. Robert J. Berry

1st Prov. MarBrig.

DEAR PFC FORD,

Sirs:

I read in the January issue the article written by Pfc. R. D. Ford. He stated in his 21 months in the "Grand Old Corps" that he hadn't found any honor, glory or tradition. What does he want, the Congressional Medal of Honor for finishing Boot Camp and going overseas to some lonely island? I know many Marines who went into battle and only got a white cross and a Purple Heart, posthumously. They didn't receive any other honors for dying for their country.

I received my high school diploma through the MCI and Ford could have taken advantage of the same opportunity to further his education . . . I will receive my discharge in a few months but if the occasion ever arises, the Marine Corps can count on me again joining its ranks . . .

Corp. N. A. Carney

Quantico, Va.

* * *

Sirs:

While reading the January issue we noticed a piece in *Sound Off* written by Pfc. Ford . . . We would appreciate your printing the below excerpts taken from the "Guide to Administration," which we consider relative and appropriate to Pfc. Ford's particular case.

- Loyalty -

"If you work for a man, in heaven's name work for him; speak well of him and stand by the institution he represents. REMEMBER AN OUNCE OF LOYALTY IS WORTH A POUND OF CLEVERNESS.

If you must growl, condemn, and eternally find fault, why, resign your position, and when you are on the outside, damn to your heart's content, but as long as you are a part of the institution do not condemn it. IF YOU DO, THE FIRST HIGH WIND THAT COMES ALONG WILL BLOW YOU AWAY, AND PROBABLY YOU WILL NEVER KNOW WHY.

TSgts. Wiley M. Reed, USMC
Joe H. Hutto, USMC

Fort Worth, Tex.

* * *

Sirs:

This is my first offence as a contributor to the Sound Off Department, because all the gripes and complaints printed were echoes of my own wartime troubles and there was no use repeating them. However, in the current issue (January) an egghead by the name of Pfc. R. D. Ford has made me mad.

"Lived there ever a man with soul so dead? . . ." It's hard to believe. Why can't he realize that honor, glory and tradition exist only in the hearts of those who have the guts to add something to those traditions. The good Lord knows I was never a hero, but the proudest memories of my life are in my tour of duty in an outfit whose past is so honorable and glorious that millions of Pfc. Fords can't detract from it no matter how ignorant they may be.

John W. Webster, Trooper
Indiana State Police

Dunkirk, Ind.

* * *

Sirs:

After reading Pfc. Ford's article in the January issue, I must answer. I find myself wondering if anything ever suited this "civilian" . . . The men living with this ex-Marine must have a hard time listening to his continuous griping.

I'm not trying to sell the idea that I like military life, because I do not. But if the time ever comes that I'm needed in the service, the Marine Corps will still be my branch. "The Marine's Hymn" still makes the heart beat faster. How true the saying "Once A Marine, Always A Marine."

Buel E. Cochran
Ex-Fifth Div. Engineer

Alderson, W. Va.

● These are just a few of the many letters we received in regard to another letter published in January Sound Off, where Pfc. R. D. Ford cast some aspersions on the slogan "Once A Marine, Always A Marine," and stated that all he wanted to do was get out of the Marine Corps and forget he had ever been in.—Ed.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 61)



-MARINES-

FOR MOTHER—FOR FATHER

This beautiful Plaque makes the finest gift for the Home Folks. A Mother's Day present for Mother, a Father's Day gift for Father.

Here's a gift that the Home Folks will dearly love. The perfect memento of your service in the Corps. The insignia is exquisitely etched in striking colors. The Plaque is 6" x 8"—highly polished walnut. Two lines of gold lettering—your name and your unit or station are free. Just write the two lines down plainly, and give us the address to which you desire the Plaque sent. It's all ready for hanging for display when it arrives.

Here's the IDEAL GIFT for Mother and Father, and it's a fine gift, too for wife or sweetheart. Order now to insure early delivery. Satisfaction guaranteed.

THE PRICE IS ONLY \$5
(Postpaid); No COD Please

LANDSEAIRES SERVICE

BOX 192 MORRISTOWN, N. J.
Navy, Seabees, and Army Insignia Plaques
also available!

SINCE 1918

A. M. BOLOGNESE
and SONS

TAILOR AND
HABERDASHER

QUANTICO, VA.

FLORSHEIM SHOES

DON'T DELAY



Be Sure You
Get Your Copy
of LEATHERNECK
Right on Time!

1 YEAR

\$2.50

World's FINEST U.S.M.C. Rings

Trade Marked - GUARANTEED FOR LIFE!

FINE SYNTHETIC RUBY

10K Solid Gold Hand-made and Finished

\$5.00 DOWN 5 Months to Pay

SENT ON APPROVAL

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

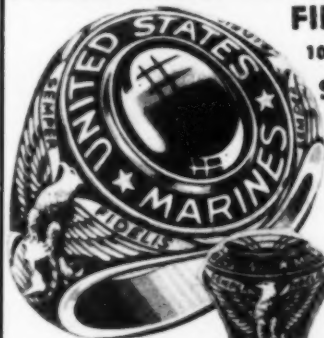
Now—I'm making it EASIER THAN EVER for you to own one of my Trade-marked rings! Send me only \$5.00 and your ring size. I'll send the ring with WRITTEN LIFE-TIME GUARANTEE!

Then COMPARE.—If you agree it's the finest U.S.M.C. ring and greatest VALUE ever offered . . . send me \$5.00 four following paydays—and one payment of \$4.75—total \$29.75.

EVERY
GENUINE
BRAD'S
SERVICE
RING
BEARS
THIS
TRADE
MARK

OTHERWISE re-
turn ring and I
send you \$5.00
back pronto.
Fair enough?
You'll say so!
Send for your
ring now!

Also
AVAILABLE
FOR
U. S. M. C.
RESERVE



NEW "TRADE MARKED" MARINE CORPS RING

MRT. 107: The masculine "left" — fine modeling — faithful detail and master craftsmanship of this ring are in keeping with the high traditions of the Marine Corps and make it a ring you will be proud to wear a life-time. 10K Solid Gold, set with finest quality SYNTHETIC RUBY—UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED FOR LIFE.

\$29.75

Send for Brad's Blue Book FREE

Most beautiful jewelry catalog ever! KEEPSAKE DIAMOND RINGS — NATIONALLY FAMOUS WATCHES—SILVERWARE — GIFTS etc. on CONVENIENT TERMS IF DESIRED. Your Credit's O.K. at BRAD'S—on your word.

Brad's
Jewelers of Brooklyn, Inc.

C. M. BRADBURY, President
SERVING THE SERVICE SINCE 1918
186 JORALEMON ST.
BROOKLYN 2, N. Y.

ROOT THE MAN HOME

[continued from page 50]

they had offered all their money, even, that not a Marine would get to first.

Now, as The Haitian struck out the last Marine, Dominicans were passing among the Marines, shaking their money in their faces. Levy couldn't believe it. Couldn't they see that the game was at last in the bag? Why didn't they just start filing out, to go home, as rooters usually did when a game was as good as done.

"They haven't the slightest intention of losing," said Price. "And listen, Jake, if any balls get past the next three Lacey batters, you'd better hang onto them—for Dominicans don't stop playing until the last batter is out. Then, do you know what they do?"

"How would I?" asked Jake, shaking his head.

"They start practicing for next week's game with Los Muchachos!"

Elmer Ess called for something deep inside himself, as the first Lacey batter marched to the bag as if the weight of the world were on his shoulder; as if he alone were able to save it from its follies. Elmer Ess retired the first man on three pitched balls!

But the next man got on. The Marines groaned, the Dominicans went wild again.

"Their heavy hitters come up now," said Elmer Ess as he signalled for a brief conference which caused the stands to rock with delighted laughter. "For the love of Heaven don't make any mistakes! We made our biggest one when we agreed to play this game at all!"

Elmer Ess went back to the mound, delivered one in the groove. The Dominican dropped it in center field, just beyond the reach of anybody. One down, two men on.

The next man up sent a line drive to left field. The fielder dropped it as too hot to hold—but he caught the third runner at home. The score was tied at five-five. There were none on; two down.

Pedro Morales, a magnificent figure of a man, while the stands chanted his name as if he were even more than a national hero, strutted to the plate.

"I," he said, "am the last Lacey batter today! I will bet you a month of your pay that I drop one on your wrecked warship out there! It has never been done in a game, but Pedro Morales has done it in practice. Wish to bet, *Americano!*"

"My pay, (continued on page 60)

MAIL CALL

Condensations of letters received by Leatherneck appear below. The name stated first is that of the person wishing to establish contact with the last named person or persons.

Archie A. Corlla, 5 Pershing St., Fitchburg, Mass., to hear from Johnny McGinnis, last heard from when he left the 32nd Replacement Draft to join the Sixth Marine Division. His home is believed to be in Minnesota.

William J. Timpany, 724 Sutherland Ave., Jonesville, Wis., to hear from George Stahl, formerly with Easy Company Twenty-eighth Marines, or anyone else from this outfit. Would also like to hear from Lieut. Hamble.

Charles T. Skinner, Box 44, Hertford, N. C., would like to hear from Captain Jeff D. Smith, who was his CO at St. Simons Island, and any members of Platoon 505 at Parris Island in 1945.

Sgt. James C. Pierson, MP Det., FMF WesPac, c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., to hear from Sgt. Minor C. Alexander, formerly with "G" Battery, 8th Defense in 1942-44, and later with "G" Battery Artillery Battalion, Area 5, Camp Lejeune in 1944-45.

Pfc. James Englin, 2973 Madison, Muskegon, Mich., to hear from all members of Platoon 758, San Diego, in 1944 or any of the members of the 6th Service Battalion, Sixth Marine Division Service and Supply.

F. R. Callihan, Ontario Ave., Massapequa, N. Y., to hear from George E. Bennett, formerly with the 2nd Amtracks, Second Marine Division.

James L. Waller, Jr., 4838 N. Magnolia, Chicago, Ill., to hear from any of his old buddies from H&S Co., and "A" Co., 1st Pioneer Bn., First Marine Division in regards to getting pictures of Tsingtao, China.

E. E. Stewart, 411 North Juliette, Manhattan, Kan., to contact Joseph R. Lancaster, formerly with Easy Battery, 2nd Bn., Tenth Marines, Second Marine Division.

George G. Kipp, c/o Sheriff Riley, Hardin, Montana, to hear from Glenn L. Browning of Dallas, Texas and Pvt. Gleva from New York. Both men went overseas with the 7th Replacement Bn. about Feb. 18, 1943. Urgent.

Corp. Richard Harris, 9th MarReserve District, 844 North Rush Street, Chicago, Ill., to contact Corp. Wayne A. Rush, Sgt. Ralph N. Brouse, Sgt. George T. Greco, Sgt. Wayne Bocker or any other former member of Hdqtrs. Co., 5th Service Depot.

John M. Slattery, 909 N. Lincoln Ave., Bay City, Mich., to contact a sergeant formerly with Radio Station XBOR in China. He wore a Third Phib Corps patch, was married and in the jewelry business in Philadelphia. Name could have been Sabul or Schrable.

"Tex" Dallas, 235 W. Broad St., Tamaqua, Pa., to contact Grady Lamb of Georgia, formerly with him in boot camp at Parris Island in January, 1942, also any of the boys from Hq. Co., 2nd Bn., Twenty-second Marines.

Richard L. Sanders, USV Hospital, Downey, Ill., to hear from anyone from the old Fourth Marines from China and the Philippines.

Dr. Walter V. Costa, formerly sergeant, would like to hear from any of the men who served with "A" Co., 2nd Medical Bn., Second Marine Division during the war.

John Strenk, Jr., 618 4th Ave., Brooklyn 15, N. Y., to hear from all men that were in Platoon 166 (1943) at San Diego.

Merlin W. Reed, White, S. D., to hear from Gerald Randall, formerly with "I" Co., 3rd Bn., Eighth Marines, Second Marine Division.

Sgt. Gilbert T. Chase, Detachment #1-1262 ASU, Fort Dix, N. Y., to hear from an old buddy, Corp. Warren L. Posey, who lived in Shreveport, La., and was with 1st Engineer Bn., First Marine Division, and any other men of this outfit or the 7th AAA Bn.

Corp. Calvin P. Arias, AF, 19290518, 3535 Air Police Squadron, 3535 Bombardment Training Wing, Mather Air Force Base, Mather Field, Calif., to hear from the men who were with Service Company, Headquarters Bn., Marine Barracks, Camp Joseph H. Pendleton, from June, 1946, to December, 1947.

Pfc. Glenn L. Knox, USMC, HES-41, Bks. 213, MCAS, Cherry Point, N. C., to hear from Don Dresser of Platoon 131 (1948) at Parris Island, whose home is in New York.

Sgt. Arnold D. Becker, 9 Cabrini Blvd., New York City 33, N. Y., to hear from buddies formerly with HqSq., 2nd Marine Air Wing, during September, 1943 to January, 1945, especially members of the cast of "The 2nd Marine Air Wing Goes Asiatic."

Richard T. Sterling, 4205 Hipp St., Dearborn, Mich., to hear from old buddies who served with "G" Co., 2nd Bn., Twenty-fifth Marines.

Ex-Corporal R.-G. "Johnny" Johnson, 130 South 69th Ave., East, Tulsa, Okla., to hear from Sgt. J. R. Brandt, Capt. Arthur H. Naylor, or anyone else who served in "F" Co., 2nd Bn., Twenty-eighth Marines, Fifth Division.

Ex-Sgt. Harry D. Richards and Gene Eamer, 316 W. 6th Ave., Conshohocken, Pa., and 1724 Gillingham St., Philadelphia 24, Pa., to hear from ex-Sgt. Joseph A. Harosimowicz, formerly in "D" Btry., Eleventh Marines. Home is in Brooklyn, New York.

SSgt. John M. Bowers, 498 W. Woodruff Ave., Crestview, Fla., to hear from anyone that was in "A" or "E" Cos., 11th Motor Transport Bn., between April, 1944 and January, 1946.

Ex-Corp. William B. Kornegay, Box 424, Caldwell, Tex., to hear from anyone who served with the Weapons Company, Eighth Marines, on Saipan, Tinian and Japan. Would especially like to hear from GySgt. Whitfield who had charge of the brig at Kumamoto, Japan.

Ernest Bloomer, 105½ South 5th Street, Leavenworth, Kan., to hear from former buddies who served in the 49th Company, Fifth Marine Regiment, Second Division, AEF, in World War I.

TSgt. Herbert M. Sieber, 609 Guadalcanal St., Oceanside, Calif., concerning the present whereabouts of Russell H. Baker, a corporal in the 1st Tanks, after New Britain operation.

Lorin Goree, 25 Park Ave., Petaluma, Calif., to hear from an old buddy, Bobby Briggs, who served with him in "A" Co., 1st Bn., Eighth Marines, in 1942 and 1943.

Charles W. Seiler, 13997 San Jose, Detroit 23, Mich., to hear from Pete Spanos, formerly with the Eighth Service Regiment at Sasebo, Japan.

Ex-TSgt. (Airology) Frank H. Schleifer, c/o Hayden Planetarium, 81st St., Central Pk., W., New York 24, N. Y., wishes his old Marine Corps buddies to know he has legally changed his name to Frank H. Forrester, effective January, 1949.

G. D. Kirkland, Route #6, Paris, Tex., to contact a former buddy Victor Feia, whose home is believed to be somewhere in Minnesota. Urgent.

W. H. Volbrecht, Powers Lake, Wis., to contact an old buddy, Donald L. Schwartzmiller, formerly with HqSq., MAG-21, Agana Air Base, Guam, M. I. He was discharged at Cherry Point in June, 1946, and his home is believed to be in or near Wadsworth, Ohio.

SSgt. Dwight W. Mace, USMC, Post Office Building, Jefferson City, Mo., to hear from William F. Lohmeyer, formerly in Platoon 68 at Parris Island in 1946, when Mace was DI of that platoon.

TURN PAGE

HEAR MARINE BATTLES

MARINES and EX-MARINES:

SAGAS of battle recorded in combat! Each disc a complete sound history of a Marine Operation... recorded during battle. Hear the real thing on your HOME PHONOGRAPH. Own these great, 12-inch double-faced unbreakable records. Clip Coupon or write today! **SATISFACTION GUARANTEED or MONEY BACK!**

**LISTEN
AT
HOME
TO OFFICIAL
MARINE
COMBAT
RECORDS**

**\$3 POSTPAID
PER RECORD**

Iwo Jima
Guam
Okinawa
Saipan
Guadalcanal
Namur
Peleliu

**COMBAT RECORDINGS
POST OFFICE BOX 1918
WASHINGTON 13, D. C.**

Send me records of Marine Battles checked:

☐ Iwo Jima ☐ Okinawa ☐ Saipan ☐ Guam
☐ Peleliu ☐ Guadalcanal ☐ Namur

I will pay Postman \$3 a record (plus COD charges). ☐ Enclosed find \$_____ in payment for _____ records. (Please check).

Ship to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

SAVE THE MOST AT POST!



10K U.S.M.C. RING
Cut - Faceted

**genuine synthetic
blood-red ruby or
royal-blue sapphire.**

\$22.50 or **\$7.50 Down**
\$4 Monthly



BULOVA \$42.50

LG 1101:—Bulova Goddess of Time "K". 17 Jewels. Yellow gold filled. Expansion bracelet. **\$42.50 cash**, or **\$18.50 down**, **\$6 monthly**.

Send for Your

FREE 32 page catalog.



BOTH RINGS \$42.50
LG 402:—"June". 14K Yellow Gold Engagement and Wedding Ring. Engagement ring is set with a perfect cut genuine Diamond. Center top of Wedding ring is engraved to appear as though set with a Diamond. **\$42.50 cash**, or **\$14.50 down**, **\$7 monthly**.



BOTH RINGS \$125
LG 307:—"Celia". 14K Yellow or White Gold (specify choice). Engagement ring has perfect center diamond and two perfect cut side diamonds. Both rings engraved to appear as though set with small diamonds. **\$125 cash**, or **\$57 down**, **\$17 monthly**.



BULOVA \$71.50

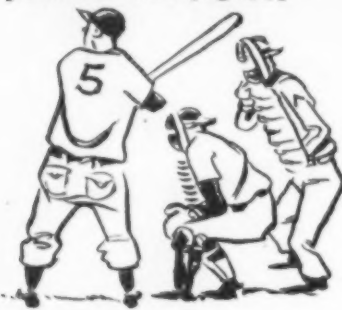
LG 1103:—Bulova His Excellency "YY" 21 Jewels. Gold filled. Latest expansion bracelet. **\$71.50 cash**, or **\$27.50 down**, **\$11 monthly**.

Post Jewelers

Dept. LG
427 Flatbush Ext., Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

ROOT THE MAN HOME

[continued from page 58]



Pedro," said Levy grimly, "is 35 dollars a month."

"It's a bet then?"

"It's a bet! And if you do that it's worth 35 bucks of anybody's money!"

Pedro Morales, as the stands went silent, plainly regarded himself as a man of destiny. He swung his bat easily and stared out past the pitcher at the *Memphis*. Dominicans packed the dangerous coign of vantage to watch their favorites play.

The stands were afoot again; they wanted a homer, but they would be happy if he just got on.

Elmer Ess delivered. Morales let it go past.

"Strrrrike one!"

There were no objections from any one. There was no question that Elmer Ess had grooved it for Morales.

"Strrrrike two!"

Morales hadn't offered.

Elmer Ess wound up again; as the ball started, a strange feeling seized Jake Levy. He realized suddenly that Pedro Morales was going to do it; that Morales had studied the situation while he deliberately allowed the first two strikes to go past; that Morales was so sure of himself he compounded melodrama to the breaking point.

The ball came, Elmer Ess's fastest.

There was no doubt whatever that it was the third strike. Morales was uncorking his swing. Levy knew it was mighty. The temptation was almost irresistible to tamper with the man's bat with his mitt, but Jake Levy did nothing of the sort.

The resounding crack spelled the knell of all Marine hopes. Everybody who heard and saw it knew it. The centerfielder went back and back—until he stood on the shore of the Caribbean. Without plunging into the sea he could go no further.

The Dominicans on the deck of the *Memphis* were on their feet, dividing their mass in the center, making a place for the ball to land. Pedro Morales, carefully touching each base, was taking his time around the infield.

The ball hit the deck of the *Memphis*, bounded off into the sea. It had

not been done before in any game, was never done again.

The stands went completely wild as Morales crossed the plate. The Marines stood in the stands, unbelieving. The Marines on bases, in the field, on the mound, behind the plate, stared out at the *Memphis*, on which Dominicans were dancing crazily.

Victory had been snatched from the grasp of the Marines at the very last second. How were they going to take it? They realized, when a deep silence fell on the stands, that every Dominican in the crowd was wondering exactly that same thing. Slowly the Marines turned back, preparatory to quitting the Campo de Guerra for the last time.

Thousands of faces were fixed on them. Something had to be done—something. . . .

Jake Levy stepped to Pedro Morales, whose chest stuck out a foot, and grasped his hand. "That," he said, "was the longest drive I've ever seen, even in the Big Leagues."

Pedro Morales opened his mouth, and it was clear from the expression on his face that he was about to say: "Of course! Why not? I am Pedro Morales!"

But before he could say it the entire Marine team surrounded the slugger—Santo Domingo's Swat Master—and Dominicans began to pour from the stands.

The Marines stepped back to give the most beautiful women in the world a chance to lavish their adoration upon Lacey—when the unexpected happened. Instead, the beautiful ladies surrounded not the Dominicans, but the Marines—and decked them with roses, combs, mantillas and gay bandannas.

One middle-aged Dominican, who had shouted the most invective, who had yelled himself hoarse jeering at the Marines, stood spread-legged before the astonished Capt. Jed Mack.

"Here is a trophy, captain," he said, "which we of the Dominican Republic have procured, especially for the Marines!"

It was a beautiful, costly thing of silver, which must have been ordered months before. It was a silver cup, on which a pitcher was bent, delivering a ball. The words were in English: "For our beloved Marines. They is sportsmans!"

Later Price said: "I never thought I'd feel so good about losing one!"

"That trophy," said Levy, "what kind of English is 'they is sportsmans'?"

Capt. Mack answered that one, personally.

"Look, Levy, be satisfied that we taught them baseball! If they knew English as well, maybe they wouldn't even speak to us!"

END

MAIL CALL (cont.)

Condensations of letters received by Leatherneck appear below. The name stated first is that of the person desiring information concerning the death of the last named person.

Mrs. Leslie E. Hartley, 425 Fifth St., Lewiston, Idaho, concerning the death of her son, Pvt. Leslie Gerard Hartley, killed on Okinawa, May 9, 1945. Would like to hear especially from Ben Herrick, "Pickler" Herron, George Howard and Sgt. Bierbaum.

* * *

Numon W. Smart, Route 1, Grant, Okla., to hear from buddies of Pfc. Johnnie William Smart—formerly with the Second and Sixth Divisions at Guam, Saipan, Okinawa and China—who died aboard the USS *Repose* on October 31, 1948.

* * *

Mrs. Josephine Holmes, 510 East 86th St., New York 28, N. Y., concerning the death of her son, Pfc. Arthur J. Holmes, "C" Co., First Marines, First Division, killed on Peleliu. Would especially like to hear from Sgt. L. L. Williams.

* * *

Mrs. Lilla O. Martin, Westminster Road, Saxton's River, Vt., concerning the death of her son, Pfc. Stephen Martin, killed March 4, 1945 on Iwo Jima.

* * *

Frank Straus, 2829 Pine Grove Ave., Chicago, Ill., concerning the death of his son, Pfc. Frank Straus, Jr., "L" Co., Eighth Marines, Second Division, killed on Saipan, June 16, 1944.

* * *

Mrs. Raymond Dominy, Smithtown Branch, Long Island, N. Y., concerning the death of her son, Capt. Felix R. Dominy, Jr., who completed his officer's training at Quantico in December, 1942, and was killed in action on Iwo Jima.

* * *

Peter J. Renzo, 246 Granger Ave., Des Moines 15, Iowa, to hear from anyone who served at any time with his brother, Corp. Anthony F. Renzo, "L" Co., Twenty-seventh Marines, Fifth Division, killed in action on Iwo Jima, February 28, 1945. Important.

* * *

Mrs. Flora Hall, 702 Hancock, Peoria, Ill., concerning the death of her son Pfc. Dale V. Hall, Third Marine Division, killed in action on Guam, July 26, 1944.

* * *

Mrs. Joan G. Smith, PO Box #3, Klamath Falls, Ore., to hear from former buddies of her son, Corp. Frank C. Jackman, "I" Co., Twenty-first Marines, Third Division, killed in action on Guam during mopping up operations. Would especially like to hear from any of the men in a picture she had from her son; these men are: Pfc. W. J. Ford, Pfc. P. Hnatko, Sgt. S. M. Michaelowski, Sgt. I. C. Saloeda, GySgt. O. J. Durdahl, Pfc. G. I. Roach, Pfc. W. A. Jennings, Pfc. A. J. Reposki, and Corp. V. A. Krishcke.

END

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 57]

TO OPEN RANKS

Sir:

There seems to be quite some controversy about the ground rule on how a platoon should open ranks for inspection, etc. Would you give us the latest word on the proper procedure?

Sgt. Joel McDowd

Jacksonville, N. C.

● Latest dope says: at command "Open Ranks, March," the first rank will take two paces forward, halt and execute dress right; second rank takes one pace forward, halts and dresses right; the third rank stands fast and executes dress right. If there are four ranks, the fourth rank takes two paces backward and dresses right. Should there be five ranks, they take four paces backward; six ranks take six steps backward, etc.—Ed.

RANK FOR MARINES

Sir:

The answers contained in your Sound Off column invariably refer to the ranks of Marine Corps enlisted personnel as "rates" or "ratings." I have always been taught that Marines have "ranks" and that enlisted personnel of the Navy have

"rates" or "ratings."

Capt. D. D. Pomerleau

Houston, Tex.

● We bow our bald pate and acknowledge the error of our failure to remember these same teachings. On the penalty of receiving more chastising letters from our readers, we promise to pay more attention to what kind of chevrons we call ranks and rates.—Ed.

RUSSIAN LANGUAGE SCHOOL

Sirs:

Please send me full information concerning a Russian Language School at Monterey, Calif. Are there adequate living quarters for a sergeant and his dependents?

Sgt. F. W. Dutton

Baxter Springs, Kan.

● The Russian Language School to which you refer is located at the Army Language School at the Presidio, Monterey, Calif. Enlisted men applying for the course should have a sound linguistic background, with two years to serve on current enlistment or extension. It is a 12-month course starting in January of each year. Applicants should apply to the Commandant of the Marine Corps through their commanding officers. It is doubtful if any quarters for a family would be available through official sources. They would have to be obtained privately.—Ed.

END



"And you can be the Jap, Cedric"

CLASSIFIED
ADS

Classified Advertising rates—\$1.35 per line. Minimum two lines.

Copy for July issue must be in Leatherneck offices by May 15.

Publisher reserves the right to reject any copy not considered suitable for publication in the Leatherneck.

ART

SET of eight prints of outstanding war paintings by Marine Combat Artists. Each reproduction 12 1/4" x 17", full color, suitable for framing. Lithographed. Heavy stock. \$3.00 per set. Write The LEATHERNECK Magazine, Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C.

AGENTS WANTED

FREE STOCK SAMPLE, 841 Nameplates for desks, doors, etc. WHITNEY CO. Box 1300, OAKVILLE, CONN.

MARINES wanted to handle the sale of LEATHERNECK on their posts. Good commissions. Excellent opportunity. Many exclusive agencies now open. Write for particulars.

COMBAT PHOTOGRAPHS, 20 pictures per set. Taken during actual combat. Many different sets available. Write for free list. The LEATHERNECK Bookshop, Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C.

BOOKS

HAND-TO-HAND fighting as taught by a recognized master. DO OR DIE, by Colonel A. J. D. Biddle. \$1.00. from The LEATHERNECK Bookshop, Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C.

BOOKS ABOUT MARINES. Many titles. Excellent reading. Division histories. Write for list. The LEATHERNECK Bookshop, Box 1918, Washington, 13, D. C.

HOBBYCRAFT

WE have many fine books for hobbyists, including volumes on carpentry and woodworking, metalworking, electricity, leathercraft, jewelry-making, plastics, shellcraft. Write for list. The LEATHERNECK Bookshop, Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C.

INSIGNIA

SHOULDER PATCHES—16 Different Marine Shoulder Patches (our selection) mailed promptly on receipt of only \$1.00. Complete patch catalog free with order. Insignia Mart, 703 'L' Broadway, New York 3, N.Y.

MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS

MARINES: Subscribe to your own magazine. Substantial saving over single copy price. Get The LEATHERNECK every month. Don't miss an issue!

CHANGED YOUR ADDRESS LATELY? If you subscribe to LEATHERNECK don't forget to notify us when you move. Give both old and new address.

PHOTOGRAPHS

ENLARGEMENTS: 5x7—15c. 8x10—25c. glossy or dull. Oil Colored 50c extra. Negatives made—50c. Roll film developed and printed—25c. Write for list of Services. L & H, Box 1476H, Milwaukee 1, Wis.

RECORDS

OFFICIAL sound recordings of Marines in battle now available on 12-inch, double-faced, unbreakable records. Iwo Jima, Guam, Okinawa, Saipan, Guadalcanal, Nauru, Peleliu. \$3.00 per record (plus COD charges if any). Order from Combat Recordings, Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C.



BASIC TRAINING GUIDE by Frederick L. Pond. Military Service Publishing Co. \$2.50

HERE is an interesting book that that might well prove invaluable to the junior officer and NCO. Teamed up with the Marines' Guidebook this army publication can solve many of the training and testing problems of the separate Marine detachment or small unit.

Even though this book has been compiled with U. S. Army needs in mind, there is a wealth of material that can be put to use by Marine officers planning their training. All Marine basic subjects are well covered and in addition there are chapters on some subjects often neglected in some phases of Marine training.

Some of the more interesting subjects peculiar to this guide are chapters on Cooking, Individual and Group; Basic Medical Subjects; Mines and Booby Traps; Occupational Duties; Riggings, Knots, Lashings and Common Hand Tools; Signal Communication; Orientation Teamwork in Combat; Troop Information Program; Vehicle Operation and Organizational Maintenance; and all of the basic weapons. In addition, outlines are presented for eight-week and 13-week training programs. All told there are 24 chapters on basic military subjects.

Each chapter includes the scope of the subject, training references to include field manuals, technical manuals and training aids, lecture outlines, questions and answers, procedure directions, and scoring methods.

The presentation of short tests on all of these basic subjects should be particularly valuable.

Another reason why this book should be a good supplement to the Guidebook is the fact that it contains much information and procedure that have resulted from the Army's special problems of training large masses of men and their orientation difficulties as well as information from experiences in the European theater. Many Marines tend to look back to the needs and experiences of war in the Pacific for the answers to present day training objectives. This book will introduce

Marines to some new ideas and subjects. I venture to say that it will also introduce many Marines to some training aids they never knew existed.

Every battalion S-3, every company commander, and every platoon leader should take a good look at this basic training guide. —J.A.D., Jr.

FOLLOW ME (The story of the Second Marine Division in World War II). By Richard W. Johnston. Random House, New York. \$6.00

THE author of this official history of the Second Marine Division in World War II points out that no writer seems capable enough to recapture the spirit and heroism of fighting men and set it down on paper. One must have lived battle episodes in order to appreciate the sacrifices made by such organizations as the Second Marine Division which paved a road to Japan with heroism and blood. However, Johnston does an exemplary job in holding the interest and coloring the imagination of his readers in "Follow Me."

Interest begins to mount from the time "B" Company, Second Marines, first American troops to land on hostile soil in World War II, land at Tulagi on 0740 on August 7, 1942. The account reaches a climax when the reader is smacked with a description of bloody Tarawa. This was an island which the Japanese command had boasted could not be captured by a million men. Undoubtedly Johnston's rhetorical narrative of this battle is the absolute pinnacle of the book. Only a man who actually witnessed the hellish conditions under which Marines fought and died for 78 hours during the first of many frontal assaults on fortified Japanese islands could bring amazingly vivid mental pictures to his readers.

This outstanding description of Tarawa makes the rest of the book seem tame, by comparison. Yet, the three campaigns for the Second Division that followed Tarawa get a fair treatment. Saipan, according to the author was a mixture of Tulagi and Guadalcanal,

Tarawa, Buna and Gona, and Attu. Stir them, add a little European seasoning—perhaps from Sicily—and pour them on the flat sea and you'll have something that smells and feels and hurts like Saipan. Johnston does his best to cover Saipan and Tinian with small unit occurrences, but the battle was too large to permit more than the occasional mention of the outstanding deeds of both enlisted men and officers.

Okinawa was only a diversionary action for the Second Division, with the exception of the Eighth Marines, who made the last infantry drive of the war against the Japanese. So, the Second Division became the first to land on hostile soil at Tulagi and stayed with the war until the end at Okinawa—becoming one of the outstanding divisions, army or Marine, in the war.

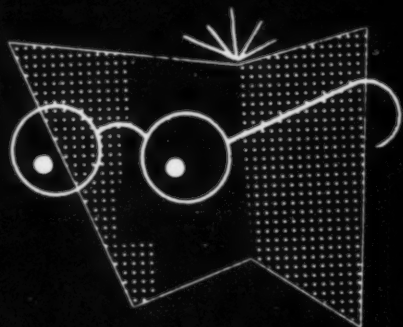
"Follow Me," is undoubtedly one of the best Marine Division histories to be written, both from the standpoint of presentation and illustration. Second Marine Veterans will relive some of the pleasant memories of New Zealand and be reminded of the outstanding part their "old outfit" played in World War II. Other Marines and non-Marines will find it excellent informative reading.

Undoubtedly the title of the book was gleaned from a remark attributed to Captain Henry Pierson Crowe (then known throughout the Marine Corps as "Jim Crowe") on Guadalcanal when he rallied Marines, disorganized by Japanese attack, and led them forward to victory with: "Damn it, you'll never get the Purple Heart in a fox-hole! Follow me!"

Men who served with the Second Division between August 2, 1942, and September 2, 1945, are eligible to receive free copies of "Follow Me!" Those who have not received confirmation that their correct names and addresses are on file with the History Board of the Second Marine Division are urged to communicate with the Willa Maddern Agency, 215 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N.Y., and give proper present address and the Second Division unit with which they served. —H.J.P.

LEATHERNECK

Book Shop



BRIDE OF FORTUNE

By Harnett T. Kane

Novel based on the life of the "Queen of a Lost Cause" —Mrs. Jefferson Davis. \$2.75



UNCONQUERED

By Neil Swanson

Reading at its best. Now only \$1.49



ROANOKE HUNDRED

By Inglis Fletcher

High romance and adventure of the 16th. Century. \$3.50



CRUSADE IN EUROPE

By Dwight D. Eisenhower

"A personal account of World War II." \$5.00



GRIDIRON GRENADIERS

By Tim Cochrane

The story of West Point's football team from 1890. \$3.50



THE PLAGUE AND I

By Betty MacDonald

Author's view of a fight for life in a tuberculosis sanatorium. \$2.75



THE SEA CHASE

By Andrew Geer

A modern tale of the sea. \$3.00



LARKS IN THE POPCORN

Latest H. Allen Smith humor novel. \$2.50



CATALINA

By W. Somerset Maugham

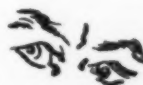
Another hit by the author of "Of Human Bondage." \$3.00



THE INCONVENIENT BRIDE

By James M. Fox

Mystery novel of a missing husband. \$2.00



Have You Read...

ABOUT MARINES

- A HISTORY OF THE U. S. MARINE CORPS**
Thru World War I.....\$ 5.50
- A RIBBON AND A STAR**
Third Marines at Bougainville...\$ 2.75
- BETIO BEACHHEAD**
Story of a battle.....\$ 2.50
- BOOT**
Personal diary.....\$ 2.50
- CORAL COMES HIGH**
Invasion of Peleliu.....\$ 2.00
- DEVILBIRDS**
Marine Corps aviation in World War II.....\$ 4.00
- HISTORY OF THE SIXTH MARINE DIVISION**
Unit History.....\$ 5.00
- CORAL AND BRASS**
Gen. Holland M. Smith's own story.....\$ 3.00
- HIT THE BEACH**
Pictorial record.....\$ 4.95
- MARINE FROM VIRGINIA**
Personal letters.....\$ 2.50
- ON TO WESTWARD**
War in the Central Pacific...\$ 3.00
- FOLLOW ME**
The Second Marine Division in World War II.....\$ 6.00
- SEMPER FIDELIS**
Stories on war.....\$ 3.50
- THE ASSAULT**
Battle for Iwo.....\$ 2.50
- THE FOURTH MARINE DIVISION IN WORLD WAR II**
Unit history.....\$ 5.00
- THE ISLAND WAR**
Entire Pacific war.....\$ 5.00
- THE LONG AND THE SHORT AND THE TALL**
Experiences of the Third Marine Division.....\$ 3.00
- THE MARINE CORPS READER**
Short Stories of the Corps...\$ 1.00
- THE MARINES' WAR**
History of World War II.....\$ 5.00
- THE NINTH MARINES**
Unit history.....\$ 5.00
- THE THIRD MARINE DIVISION**
Unit history.....\$ 5.00
- THE U.S. MARINES ON IWO JIMA** \$ 3.50
- UNCOMMON VALOR**
Brief history of each division..\$ 3.00
- THE STORY OF WAKE ISLAND...** \$ 1.75
- YOUR MARINE CORPS IN WORLD WAR II**
Leatherette cover.....\$ 4.50

TRAINING AIDS

- DO OR DIE**.....\$ 1.00
- GUIDEBOOK FOR MARINES**.....\$ 1.00
- MODERN JUDO (set)**.....\$ 6.00
- JIU JITSU**.....\$ 1.50
- HATCHER'S NOTEBOOK**.....\$ 5.00
- BOOK OF THE GARAND**.....\$ 6.00
- DRILL AND COMMAND**.....\$ 1.00
- NEW DRILL REGULATIONS**.....\$ 1.50
- SMALL ARMS OF THE WORLD**...\$ 6.00
- MACHINE GUNNER'S HANDBOOK**.....\$ 0.50
- MASTERING THE PISTOL AND REVOLVER**.....\$ 2.50
- MASTERING THE RIFLE**.....\$ 2.50
- MAP READING FOR THE SOLDIER**.....\$ 1.00
- THE NONCOM'S GUIDE**.....\$ 2.00
- THE OFFICER'S GUIDE**.....\$ 3.50
- HOW TO SHOOT A RIFLE**.....\$ 1.75
- BASIC TRAINING GUIDE**.....\$ 2.50

HOBBYCRAFT

- THE MODEL AIRCRAFT HANDBOOK**.....\$ 2.50
- SHIP MODEL BUILDING**.....\$ 3.00
- AIRPLANE MODEL BUILDING**...\$ 3.00
- HOME MAINTENANCE HANDBOOK**.....\$ 4.50
- GENERAL LEATHERCRAFT**.....\$ 1.50
- GENERAL PLASTICS**.....\$ 1.50

MILITARY HISTORY

- LANDING OPERATIONS**.....\$ 7.50
- WAR AS I KNEW IT**.....\$ 3.75
- PATTON AND HIS THIRD ARMY**..\$ 3.50
- BATTLE STATIONS**.....\$ 3.95
- ADMIRAL HALSEY'S STORY**....\$ 4.00
- AMERICAN SEAPOWERS SINCE 1775**.....\$ 5.00
- HISTORY OF WORLD WAR II**....\$ 5.50
- BORN TO FIGHT**.....\$ 2.00

ORDERING INSTRUCTIONS:

Select titles desired from this page and others throughout the magazine. Please use order form provided. All books are postpaid. If you desire a book which is not listed, add it to your order. We are prepared to ship any book now in print. Prices subject to change without notice.

SPORTS

- ARMY vs NOTRE DAME**.....\$ 3.00
- SALT WATER FISHING TACKLE**..\$ 6.00
- BASKETBALL ILLUSTRATED**.....\$ 1.50
- BOWLING FOR ALL**.....\$ 1.50
- EASTERN UPLAND SHOOTING**...\$ 5.00

GOOD READING

- STAR REPORTERS**.....\$ 3.00
- FOREVER AMBER**.....\$ 1.49
- FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS**...\$ 1.00
- THE WORLD'S BEST JOKES**....\$ 1.00
- I CAPTURE THE CASTLE**.....\$ 3.00
- THE HUSBAND WHO RAN AWAY**..\$ 3.00
- THE YOUNG LIONS**.....\$ 3.95
- RIVER TO WEST**.....\$ 3.00
- THE FURIES**.....\$ 3.00
- MURDER IS SERVED**.....\$ 2.50
- TESTIMONY BY SILENCE**.....\$ 2.00
- BEST CARTOONS OF THE YEAR 1948**.....\$ 2.50
- THE LINCOLN PAPERS**.....\$10.00
- THE JUNGLE BOOKS**.....\$ 5.00
- ROOSEVELT AND HOPKINS**.....\$ 6.00
- BEST DETECTIVE STORIES OF 1948**.....\$ 2.50

ORDER FORM

TO: LEATHERNECK BOOKSHOP, P.O. BOX 1918, WASHINGTON 13, D.C.

FROM: _____

GENTLEMEN: ENCLOSED FIND \$_____, PLEASE SHIP THE BOOKS LISTED BELOW TO THE ABOVE ADDRESS:

BOOK TITLES:

PRICE:

_____	\$ _____
_____	\$ _____
_____	\$ _____
_____	\$ _____

(IF ADDITIONAL SPACE IS NEEDED, PLEASE USE PERSONAL STATIONERY. SORRY, NO C.O.D. ORDERS CAN BE FILLED)



L Lucy Knoch and *L*
Dorothy Abbott

Always Buy CHESTERFIELD

"When you smoke
Chesterfield you get a Milder
cooler smoke - that's why
it's my cigarette"

John Lund

STARRING IN
"BRIDE OF VENGEANCE"
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



Prominent Tobacco Farmers smoke Chesterfield

JAMES H. DARDEN, Farmville, N. C. says
"I've smoked Chesterfields steady for 12 years.
They're really Milder. They buy mild, ripe, sweet-
smoking tobacco . . . the kind that ends up in real
smoking satisfaction."



THE BEST CIGARETTE FOR YOU TO SMOKE - Milder *much* Milder

